

THE
ARMENIAN;

OR,

THE GHOST SEER.

A HISTORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

F. SCHILLER,

AUTHOR OF THE ROBBERS, DON CARLOS, &c.

BY

THE REV. W. RENDER.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. CUNDEE, IVY-LANE,
FOR H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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GHOST SEER.

LETTER VII.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

November the 22.

CVITELLA's proposals to amuse the Prince, and to occupy his attention have succeeded. His hotel is crowded every day with guests, who are treated in a most excellent manner. He gives concerts and other entertainments, and is scarcely able to call an hour his own. If he is not at home, we naturally suppose that he is in another circle. The most extravagant expense which this causes, you may easily conjecture. I would that gaming had not been introduced. He has lost, in a

short time, very considerable sums. From whom he obtains the money I cannot learn; for he wins nothing. He may borrow great sums of the Marquis I can believe; for, since he has persuaded him that he could command the world of Ghosts, he will do any thing for him. He seems to care for nothing, and is again a good companion. Concerning the last the Marquis triumphs not a little, because it supports his proposal; but the good man does not observe the worm which gnaws the heart of the Prince, whilst his countenance is drest in smiles. I often see how he struggles with himself. The only thing which pleases me is, that he talks with respect upon religious matters, which he formerly treated with contempt. From this we may hope that he will not destroy himself.

November the 4th

WHAT do you think?—The Prince has been to church!—This circumstance, which his people will not forget, and which I certainly did not dream of. Civitella persuaded him to. He was yesterday with the Prince, and spoke of a certain Bishop . . . who would preach to-morrow in the church of St. Marco. The praise which he bestowed upon the heart and genius of this man, excited the attention of the Prince so much the more, because the Marquis did not speak in general with any great veneration of the clergy.

“ I must hear your wonderful man,” said he; and the Marquis waited upon him the next day—that is to-day.

The sight of a great multitude, particularly when they come together to worship the supreme being, naturally
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affects us, and evidently makes a greater impression upon our mind if we have not been accustomed to it. He that feels it not, is destitute of sensibility. The Prince confirmed my opinion. He was in raptures. The richness and splendor of the church, the greatness of the multitude, that shewed, at least externally, signs of the sincerest devotion, contributed to augment the astonishment and reverence of the Prince. I should be but little acquainted with mankind; if I did not know that the brightest geniuses are attracted by pageantry; and, that the illuminations and laughable ceremonies of the Roman church work powerfully upon the mind. The incense, which is burnt at the altar, is very apt also to operate upon our senses and excite our piety. Enchanting music began the ceremony. At last the Bishop went into the pulpit.—

Friend, the Marquis was right; his description was far excelled by the man himself:—His appearance made us venerate him, and his enchanting countenance, which seemed to have upon it the stamp of divinity, influenced every one in his favour.—And when he began to speak! I might say with justice, that I never heard so much persuasive eloquence, united with such dignity and personal elegance. In one word, he is a preacher of great talents. At first he struck us with depth of thought, which had so much the more weight on account of his delivery. He then moved and awakened in us the warmest feelings for virtue and religion, and the greatest desire to follow his precepts, as the real principles of morality. From his mouth came truth, and we soon perceived how much he had studied it, and how firmly he himself was convinced of it;—he

pierced the heart, and was affected by his own eloquence. His voice is clear and solemn, and suited to bring the hardened sinner back to the path of virtue. When he preaches of love, there is a sweetness in his delivery not to be imagined, and he is firm and energetic when he will convince.—Oh! Friend! you must hear him yourself, if you will not believe me; for, where am I to find words to convey to you the perfection of one idea only?

He preached on the following subject, "The advantages which accrue to a man from religion supported by the dictates of reason." A subject that was as applicable to the situation of the Prince's mind, as if it had been purposely chosen. The whole of his sermon was divided into two heads. In the first he endeavoured to prove—
 "That religion ennobles our minds, and stimulates

stimulates us to good actions, and is a firm support to us when oppressed with afflictions." And how admirably he proved it! One could not but be convinced. "Self-love," said he among other things, "as long as it does not become self-admiration, and consequently a vice, is the first and most distinguished principle which the wise creator has implanted in us. From it we derived all our actions, even the most sublime ones which approximate us to the Divinity—We admire a friend for the return of his affection—we love our relations—we assist the sufferer, and often save the lives of our neighbours, even at the greatest hazard; because we expect the same treatment in similar situations: we pardon our enemies, for the sake of those heavenly feelings which tell us, that we have acted nobly, and have advanced a step towards perfection! But how often does

man act well, and is unknown; and how often has the best design a false operation; how often the good man suffers, because he acts consistently with his feelings? Shall he, for that reason, discontinue his efforts? No—he ought not to do it, even if his religion did not promise him a recompense in another world, if it did not tell him, “Thy Creator knows the goodness of thy heart—the Lord knows it, if men do not acknowledge it.” But I do not think, my friends, that I ought to allow man so much virtue as to suppose that he acts uprightly merely for its own sake; for we are never free from the influence of our passions which throw obstacles in our way in spite of all our endeavours to avoid them.

“Can we blame him who prefers the enchanting path of vice to that of virtue? Look into your own hearts, and

and answer me that question. But when religion intervenes, she tells us, with certainty, that there is another life beyond the grave, in which men will be rewarded according to their deserts.

“What an inducement is this for us to become better, and faithfully to fulfil all our duties! what a great consolation, when we labour under misfortunes, to be able to say to ourselves, “Our life in this world is but a pilgrimage to the realms of everlasting peace!”

“With what anxiety does the tired wanderer endeavour to reach the place of his destination, though he knows that the break of day will call him forth to the continuation of his journey! how cheerfully he supports fatigue and trouble, when he recollects that he is pursuing the path which leads him to

his home, where he will meet his friends and relations!

“Can we then do less, my friends, when we know that eternal joy will be our recompence, and that we shall approach nearer to that God, who gave us friends and relations, who watches over the smallest circumstance of our fate, and even fastens the chain of our happiness on that which seemed to us to be unpropitious to it?”

He now turned to the second part of his sermon, and shewed “what great tranquility religion gave us in death.”

You should have heard this part. He drew a beautiful comparison between the death-bed of the pious, and wicked man. He alluded also to sceptics; for, said he—

“How

"How can they be good, who believe not in any thing?—They must be more than men if, amidst all the oppressions of an unfeeling world, they look not for a reward for all their good actions in heaven. Upon what grounds does the Atheist banish from his mind the just ideas of a Creator, and his divine influence? Is it that it would add more weight to the barrier that separates his soul from the paths of lust and wickedness."

The manner in which he described the last hours of the profligate, must have pierced a heart of steel. He knew how to affect the virtuous, by forcibly describing such a death; and I might say with justice, that there was not one person present who did not seem to study his own reformation. And when he described the end of the impious, an icy coldness ran through my

my veins.—Every countenance seemed pictured with horror.—I looked at the Prince;—he was as pale as death, and appeared very much agitated. I hope it will be of service to him! That part of the sermon was delivered with such effect, that it was as if the dying person had been present, imploring the restitution of his health, that he might adore that God whom he had uniformly denied. But when he commented upon the impossibility of his wishes, as he was struggling with death, his eye rolled doubtfully, his voice sounded hollow, and death seemed to cut the thread of the curses which his hammering tongue uttered!—It was horrible! The voice of the Bishop added the greatest effect to this part. He stopped. There ensued a profound silence.

“And where shall we find the religion I have described?” he continued;

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"God be thanked, we have discovered it in our own."

"Oh, my friends, you must acknowledge the advantage we have over so many thousands, who are not born of Christian parents, and who are obliged to live in darkness, whilst the clearest light shines upon you."

The manner in which he executed his task you must imagine, for I cannot attempt to describe the enchanting sweetness of his eloquence, and am only able to give you an imperfect idea of it. You may judge what effect this sermon must have produced in the mind of the Prince. Receive this as a recompence for not having heard him yourself.

I could easily perceive that he was a Roman Catholic, but if they had acted

execution

thus

thus in the times of Luther, if they had preached religion so pure, I believe there never would have been a reformation. He also mentioned the saints—but how? He represented them as a glorious host, worthy of imitation. And is not this admirable. I believe men cannot have too many good examples.

But my fancy leads me too far, and I should not chuse to write any thing contrary to what the Bishop said. For that reason, I will lay aside my pen until I am more familiar with the subject.

Yet who knows whether the whole sermon be not a plan of the Armenian.—Perhaps the Bishop is . . . I will not tell you what I think. It will be terrible if he is a hypocrite, and employs his uncommon talents to further the execution

execution of a plan, which cannot possibly have a good end; because it requires so much artifice and cunning to complete it. No, no—I must not indulge such an idea.

Several days later.

SINCE that sermon the Prince has again given himself up to meditation. He shuns all society; and, if he is obliged to join them, he appears perfectly indifferent to any thing but reflection. But this seriousness is very different from his former; his countenance then expressed despair, but now a deep melancholy.

He has anxiously and studiously enquired after the Bishop. This man, I trust, will entirely work his reformation, and the Prince expects it; his enquiry also makes this certain: he will,
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in all probability, draw a comparison between his own actions and that man's manner of thinking—And he is right. The Bishop did the same when he mentioned our Saviour: “From their fruits you shall know them?”—Very probably this induced the Prince to adopt that resolution: it may be imagined; but outward actions are often so contrary to real principles, that one may easily be mistaken. But the Bishop is entirely that which he himself expects from a good Christian, or a noble mind, and he follows very exactly the rules which he prescribes.

I have this merely from hearsay, but where accounts agree exactly, we may put some confidence in the report. He is a father to the orphans, and a friend to the poor. He expends upon himself nothing, but what is absolutely requisite, the other part of his fortune he reserves

reserves to fulfil the duties of his station; and the prudence with which he bestows his charity gives it a high and deserved lustre. Those who prefer idleness to industry, obtain very little from him; but all those who are prevented by a noble pride from accepting a gift from the hand of charity, and those who are oppressed with misfortunes, and struggle against want and misery, have in him a certain and benevolent supporter. He has a list of all the poor people in Venice, and assists those he thinks the most deserving. It appeared singular to me, that he spent so much money amongst foreigners who live here. Indeed the Venetians do not deserve it, for the cause of their poverty is their idleness, there scarcely can be made one exception. He always is respectful to his inferiors; and is a perfect enemy to that pride, which makes part of a character of a priest. To his
servants

servants, who have all grown old in his service, he is a father. In short, every thing that I hear of this man, is in his praise. But the history which the Marquis has related of him, is a proof that he well knows how to observe the higher duties of his situation, which has made me venerate his character. A certain . ti . here was his deadly enemy. Perhaps he envied his merits, and the esteem which was every where shewn him. This was a sufficient reason for a jealous villain to hate him. To imitate him he was unable, but he was capable of endeavouring to murder him. He was big with this diabolical idea; but the retired life of the Bishop, and the multitude which always conducted him home, to enjoy his company, made the execution of always impossible.— Amongst the servants of the Bishop, there was a young man whom he sincerely

cerely loved, and educated. Although endowed with many good qualities, he was attached to gaming; upon which the Bishop sometimes gave him a severe lecture. This young man . anti . . endeavoured to make an instrument of his villainy. He could not do any thing by fair means, and therefore had recourse to treachery. He hired people to induce him to pursue the most extravagant plans, and to deprive him of his money by any method. The vice of gaming soon took deep root, and his very existence seemed to depend upon it. If what his master gave him was not sufficient, he resorted to theft. The Bishop, far from being suspicious, concluded that the deficiency of his money arose from his forgetfulness, and did not accuse any of his people; but it was soon more and more visible, and the Bishop, at last, became uneasy, particularly as he mis-
sed

fed some valuable things. The thief was discovered. Not quite hardened in his wickedness, his confusion and down-cast eyes betrayed him; he could not look in the face of his benefactor. The Bishop admonished him with severity, but he was too far gone to feel its effect. His villainous companions had so corrupted him by their wicked advice, that he was a finished gambler; and what is it that is sacred in the eyes of such an infamous character?—It was not difficult to persuade him to mix a powder in the chocolate which he always served to his patron, and by that means poison his benefactor and friend. He was induced to undertake this diabolical act, by the promise of a large reward, and also the certainty of gaining something by his master's death, which he had discovered by prying into his will, which was placed in a writing-desk. His limbs trembled as
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he presented the cup to his master, so that he had almost let it drop. The Bishop was engaged in reading a book, and did not observe the uneasiness and anxiety which tormented his servant. He did not take the cup before he had finished the chapter. When he had done, he repeated the last passage, " if the first principles of vice are imbibed, the rest is to be acquired very easy by a hardened sinner."—" Yes, it is, indeed it is," he added with a deep sigh.

At the same moment the unfaithful wretch fell senseless at his feet, the cup was broken, and the poison spilt upon the ground. He thought that his master was conscious of his malicious intention, and had spoken those words purposely to warn him of his wicked design. But how could a mind, like his, entertain such a thought, or suspect a man, to whom he had shewn the
 atten-

attention of a father, capable of so vile an action? He endeavoured to recal a wretch to life, who was on the point of taking away his own. During that time, a little dog, which had licked up the poisoned draught, tumbled in a convulsive manner about the room. He immediately perceived what was going forward.—Tears came into the old man's eyes, when he reflected that his servant could be guilty of such a crime. And how do you imagine that he treated him?—He not only pardoned him, and concealed the fact, but retained him in his service, as if nothing had happened.—On that account one of his relations reproached him.

“ Shall I make this man more miserable than he is at present ? ” he replied ;
 “ If he is to be reclaimed, it will certainly be effected by my treatment, and how much glory shall I acquire if I save
 but

but one soul!—If I discard him, I believe he will then become a perfect villain; on the contrary, he probably, by my indulgence, may be reclaimed.”

When it was observed to him, that he should be upon his guard in future against any new attempts to murder him, he answered,

“ A good and benevolent God watches over the life of a sparrow; can I doubt then, that he is not mindful of mine? The path which he has prescribed to me, no mortal can obstruct; of that I have already many proofs.—If it pleases the Almighty that I should die by the hand of an assassin, there will be found others besides him to perpetrate the deed.”

He stood firm to his opinion, and
Oh! the recompence! It has succeed-
ed

ed in a most excellent manner:—He has entirely converted this man, and beholds daily the proofs of the warmest gratitude, and there is not one about his person that is more attached to him. The Bishop discovered the motive that induced him to seek his life. He could have made the miserable projector of it feel his wrath; but what did he do? He went to . anti . . his deadly enemy, and begged his pardon if he had given him any reason to hate him, and offered him his hand in reconciliation. Such a virtue the basest ingrate could not despise; he was overpowered with sorrow, and falling upon his knees, craved his merciful forgiveness, and promised to amend his life, which he has faithfully performed. The reason why he hated the Bishop was, as he said, on account of a sermon, in which he felt himself very much aggrieved; and also that it was intolerable to hear him so

generally

generally praised and beloved. You must know, .anti . . is also a priest, and he thought that they were bestowing that portion of praise due to him, upon the Bishop.

The Prince wishes to be acquainted with the Bishop. I rejoice that it is so, and hope he will profit by the connection. How it has happened that he was not sooner acquainted with him, I cannot tell. The noble-minded man must be sought for, but other acquaintances are very easily attained. No wonder, for he is a Prince!

I must not forget to tell you, that a few days ago, the Bucentauro was abolished; not by the senate, but the society having consented to it themselves.—What do you say to that?—The reason for it I do not know, and even the Prince seemed ignorant of it;

for although they told him they had done it because they disliked it, he will not believe it.—Perhaps the Inquisition has prohibited their meetings, and they are afraid to run the risk of having their principles exposed; or, perhaps, the cunning Bucenaurists are in league with the Armenian, and wish, by the separation of their society, to fix the attention of the Prince upon another point. Let this be as it may, I am satisfied. The Prince is rejoiced at the event; for, without it, he could not well have separated himself from it:—a proof that he was not quite fit for a society, which did not seem to me to be founded on a good principle.

LETTER VIII.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

November the 18th.

AT last the Prince's wish is fulfilled: the Bishop has been with him. He has been a journey, which has prevented him, till now, from complying with the request of the Prince.—I thought he was a middle-aged man from his appearance; I was astonished when I accidentally heard from him that he was already far advanced towards seventy.—His uncommon health and gaiety is the consequence of a moderate manner of living. The Prince has been charmed with his company.—No person, besides me, could attend to their conversation, because they believed I did not understand it. How many advantages have I already reaped

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from

from affecting to be unacquainted with the Venetian language. They look upon me always as an absent person; and I must tell you, that I am, on that account, a great acquisition to the Prince; because he thinks that he has an attendant by him at all times whom he has no suspicion of—for he is too prudent to trust the other servants in the antichamber, on account of their curiosity.

With open arms the Prince received the Bishop, when he entered the house, and conducted him into his room.

“ I heard your sermon not long ago, great and noble man, and it affected me very much. I have had a description of your character and conduct, and it has encreased my esteem for you.—It is on that account that I approach you without

without the accustomed ceremonies, and with a friendly veneration."

" Prince, your countenance is so sincere, that I cannot consider your words as a joke."

" Joke !—Joke !—Good God, what an opinion you must have of me !"

" Not so ; but, is it possible, that one single sermon can have had such an effect upon you ?—I am not accustomed to severity, Prince. But many years experience have taught me, that persons like you, who despise all that is sacred and good, cannot easily be brought to esteem those who speak of a God, whom they reject and deny. On that account, you must at least think me a pious simpleton, who merits your compassionate smile."

The Prince was dumb.

At last he exclaimed :

“ Oh ! as you love your enemies, do good to them, and confirm the truth of your doctrines, which you preach with such eloquence.—Do not let me be the being whom you despise—I have pursued a wrong path, not willingly, but through the influence of deceit and iniquity. I have long wandered in the desert, and could find no resting-place ; will you now reject a penitent, who puts his whole confidence in your superior wisdom ? ”

With great warmth the Bishop took him by the hand.

“ Entertain not such an idea. But if the surgeon will cure a dangerous wound, he must first probe it with his instru-

instrument, to try how deep it has penetrated. This operation is indeed very painful to the patient; but can the surgeon undertake the cure without it? Will he not learn by that, what means must be employed?—I must first sound you, and upon the good foundation, which perhaps may still be left, I will build my structure. God be thanked, who works so powerfully by such feeble means. I should not have believed that my sermon could produce such an effect upon your mind. The way to the heart of a Prince is, in such a case, very difficult, and your sufferings only have made you so susceptible.—Thank God, that you are not above inquiry.—I always speak the truth, Prince; do not wonder, because you hear it very rarely.”

“Will you, then, be so kind as to instruct me?”

"Why not?—It is my duty.—It is well for you that you came before me. When they begged of me to preach that sermon, I was struck with the idea that it might be of service, and save you."

The Prince interrupted him: "How! they entreated you to preach a sermon to me, was it not then mere accident?"

"I was instructed as to every particular."

"And by whom?"

"I do not know him; but the anxiety which he displayed for your welfare, and on which he seemed to dwell with uncommon concern, has made him dear to me.—He expected from my sermon much effect, and promised

mised that you should be present. The desire I had of doing good made me comply with his request."

And can you guess who this man was? The Armenian—You are astonished, and I not less; the Prince was half mad. He related to the Bishop several things which had happened to him with this wonderful man, and hoped to obtain some knowledge of him, but he assured him, that he had seen him then for the first time in his life. And who would not believe him?

What are we to think of this? Perhaps it is part of the plan, upon which the old man spoke to Biondello.—We may suspect what will be the consequence of the visit; for the society of the Bishop must turn to the Prince's advantage. If they make him a profe-

lyte by means of the Bishop, they would not find their end answered; because this man is calculated to set a good example, and to insfile into the Prince's mind the best ideas without letting the religion he professes interfere.—It is a great pity that they did not converse on the subject of the Prince's opinions; for they constantly talked about the Armenian, and then some business of consequence called the Bishop away. He promised to return again, and the Prince has determined to visit him.

As Civitella persuaded the Prince to go with him to church, what was more natural than that the Prince should suspect that he was connected with the Armenian? To be convinced of that, he sent immediately for the Marquis to wait upon him. The servant met him at the gate.

“ Marquis,”

"Marquis," exclaimed the Prince, as he entered the room, "your visit is well timed; I had just sent to invite you here, to question you upon a subject of great importance. You know how much trouble the Armenian has already given me. Now I am confident you must be acquainted with him. I expect an explanation from you."

The Marquis was alarmed, and answered not a syllable; the words seemed to tremble on his lips.

"You will not then give me an explanation? You are the only person that can do it."

"Explanation!—Indeed I am not able to give it you, and perhaps no mortal living."

" And yet you spoke to him !"

" Alas ! Gracious Heaven ! I spoke to him !"

" If a spark of friendship glimmers in your breast, tell me instantly what you know of him."

" Demand my life, gracious Prince, I willingly will sacrifice it, for you have deserved it, but— — — —"

He hesitated, and became visibly more confused.—The Prince's patience left him.

" You will not then," he exclaimed violently—" Now hear me. I know that you and the Armenian are in league with each other. Was is not at his request that you persuaded me to go with you to the church of St. Mark ?"

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The Marquis fell into a terrible convulsive fit.—His limbs trembled, his teeth chattered, and his countenance was black and horrible to look on. The fit increased, and we were obliged to carry him home. The Prince now thought him innocent, and seemed to feel for him.

“ But if he is innocent, from whence this strange conduct ?” he exclaimed.

Several hours had passed, when a servant of the Marquis came, breathless, and requested the Prince to go immediately to his master, who had something of great importance to discover to him. He hesitated not a moment, but went as quickly as possible. After an interval of four hours, he came back again in deep thought. He related what happened to him to the Baron F. . . And, as I was present, and heard every

every thing very distinctly, I am able to communicate it to you word for word.

The Prince threw himself into an arm-chair, and seemed very much affected.—The Baron F . . . approached him with great concern, not being able to conceal his sensations.

“ You will pardon me, gracious Prince, I am confident, when I entreat you to make a discovery of that which afflicts you so much. It will be preserved as a sacred treasure in the bosom of one of your most humble and faithful servants, whose sincere wish is to sacrifice himself, if it could in any manner promote your happiness. There was a time when you thought me worthy of your confidence.”

The

"The Prince seemed to start as from a dream and looked suspiciously at the Baron."

"Yes, you are right; there was a time, when the repose of my soul resembled the smooth surface of a lake from which every object is reflected in the most beautiful manner. Yes, yes, there was once such a time, and then I found myself happy—Can I help regretting that, that period is past, and all is now as if influenced by the storms of heaven; and, that nothing remains for me but a lively picture of my former situation? Tell me yourself can I forget it?"

Tears came into the eyes of the good Baron F., and sorrow almost overpowered his speech.

"Oh

"Oh! my gracious Prince, I have not deserved this—I spoke of the confidence which I once enjoyed."

The Prince came to his recollection, perhaps by my pushing something against his arm-chair; in the mean time, for appearance sake, I affected to have some business in the room.

"Did you not intend to ask something of me, dear Baron?"

"To entreat your highness to discover to me the sorrow which oppresses you."

"And what end will that answer? can you assist me; can you conduct me from a labyrinth in which I find myself every hour more and more bewildered?"

"If I am not able to effect the last, will

will your highness refuse me the happiness to share your misfortunes with you ? ”

The Prince looked at him sternly. It seemed to convey a great deal of information.—What if the Baron has written something to Count O . . . which he is not able to answer for in such a manner as to clear his character !

“ You shall, you must know it,”—said he at last : — “ for I am well convinced of your secrecy as to every thing that concerns me ! ”

At these words F . . . changed colour, and the Prince, preceiving it, went on :

“ You know that I was called to the Marquis. I found him very ill. He had scarcely sufficient strength to raise himself

himself in his bed, and to give me his hand. "I have invited you to call on me, said he, to give you a key to my conduct to day. I am at the brink of the grave, and should not like you to be impressed with the idea that I have deceived you. I know not the Armenian who is so much concerned in your history. I saw him but once in my life; your suspicion was unfounded. How could I have a communication with a being that is supernatural—He appeared to me and commanded me to persuade you to go to that church. If I fulfilled his request, he would acknowledge my obedience to his command. It was for that purpose only that he had selected me, and I know not that it was actually necessary. I listened to his commands with terror, and should have fulfilled them even if parricide had been required to do it. He desired me however to observe the most profound secrecy

crecy, but my love for you induces me to violate my promise, and as I am verging towards the end of my days, nothing of any consequence can befall me. Be it what it may, it will only hasten my death, which I look upon now as a welcome friend; the very idea of it raises my soul to the highest pitch of ecstasy.—Now arm yourself with courage dearest Prince, to hear a history that will make your hairs stand erect; and which will give you an idea of the supernatural greatness of that Armenian. To him may be ascribed my acquaintance with you, and my present illness; for I was just on the point of answering your request, to justify not only my character, but to give you also a perfect idea of this being. I thought in such a case I was acting right, but I found my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and all animation suspended!—I have at present nothing more to dread, as death and my love for you raise me
above

above the power of fear : perhaps my discoveries may be useful to you."

" He stopped suddenly.—The hasty manner with which he spoke those last words did not escape me.—He now seized my hand with great violence, and hurt me so much that I still feel the pain.

" Alas, protect me ! protect me from his wrath" he exclaimed with a voice that chilled my very soul with horror.

" Thou hast not gone through the trial which thou oughtest to have done, in order to gain admission into the Temple of Truth, which thy mind entitled thee to. Attribute to thyself the consequences of thy obstinacy. Thou wast very disobedient to me ! I warned thee, thou didst not attend. Oh fool ! if thou hadst not been at this present moment disobedient, thou wouldst have soon reached the goal !"

" These

" These words were spoken by some one behind me, the voice of whom seemed to be known to me. I looked up and perceived the Armenian.

" My astonishment was beyond all conception.—He walked with a slow step through the room, and the door seemed to shut itself after him. My recollection returned. Whatever I might undergo, the desire of speaking to him superseded all my fears. I rushed out of the room, but no Arminian was to be seen or heard of. Upon the stairs I met an old Priest who had been sent to the Marquis to give him extreme unction. I thought he could not have escaped him, but he had seen nothing of him. That he had secreted himself was not in any manner possible, for he was obliged to go either down or up the staircase, and the Cardinal, who had just come down, in the greatest sorrow, on
account

account of the situation of his beloved nephew (who as you know, by his reformed manner of life had again acquired his esteem) had likewise seen nothing of him.

“ My mind was now tormented with doubt and horror,

“ I went back with the Cardinal to the room. He found the Marquis senseless. I flattered myself that he would recover and finish the history, which had excited my curiosity so much. But I hoped in vain; he continued delirious. The Cardinal refused consolation, and abandoned himself to despair. I could not endure a sight so distressing, and when I reflected upon my own situation I was half distracted. I would have readily sacrificed my life could I but have discovered the Armenian.”

1

“ You

"You will, ere long,—you shall be nearer acquainted with him, if your obedience makes you worthy of it" exclaimed a hollow piercing voice.

"My obedience! said the Prince," after an exceeding long pause, as his countenance and position both announced perfect submission in every thing.

This very evening, at a late hour, we heard that the Marquis Civitella was no more. The Prince received the news with melancholy silence. I could plainly see how deeply he felt his loss.

LETTER IX.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

November the 17th.

THEY have threatened to imprison the Prince, if he does not pay his debts in twenty-four hours. I thought it would come to this; although I did not believe that he had received his loans from the hands of usurers.

All the creditors of the Prince are alarmed; for his insolvent situation is every where known. The poor Prince! How shall we save him? You are not able to do it; for, in all probability, the money you are possessed of is not sufficient. To extricate himself, he has offered to pay enormous interest, which exceeds even half of the capital. He has no friend to whom he can unfold his distress.

trefs. The kind Marquis is dead, and his uncle, the Cardinal, has, since his decease, lost his senses, and is not to be spoken with. The situation of the Prince is truly pitiable. Flight would be the only means to save him. Biondello proposed it to him, but he is too noble to degrade his character by such a step. He will wait the event with fortitude.

November the 18th.

TO-DAY I heard that the Prince is not so much involved, as I at first expected. The whole amount of his debts, with the interest, is about one hundred thousand zechins: a large sum certainly to be spent in so short a time, but I hope that you will procure it. You have not told me how much you have received, but that it is a large sum I easily can imagine. God be thanked that it is so, and that the Prince met

with this misfortune. It will probably be the road to his safety. Oh ! how anxiously I wait for that period when you will rush into his arms, and save him as a friend !

Do not be astonished, that I now contradict my former opinion, and beg that you will discover yourself to him. It is surely the best plan we can pursue. He will, in his present situation, acknowledge your kindness with double the gratitude. Such affection will rivet him to you for ever. You will represent me to him as your friend, who worked with you for his safety ; my letters to you, and moreover my ability in mountebank tricks, by which they have deceived him, will convince him of the fact, and will open his eyes, or at least may give him a suspicion of the people in whom he has put so much confidence. We shall save him ;

he will fly with us from this vile city, and be restored and reconciled to his court.

Oh that I were able to relate to you all the good consequences which will follow this proceeding ! But all this is unnecessary ; you do not want any inducement to urge you to act magnanimously ;—but use all the expedition in your power, for, before sun-set, the Prince will be arrested, and he cannot expect any indulgence from usurers !

P. S. Do not give yourself any further trouble, friend ; all our fears, for the present, are gone. The debts of the Prince are paid ; and he has obtained further sums of money, just as I was going to seal this letter. But misfortune sometimes proves a benefit, for what should we have done, if I had known it, a few hours later ? We

should have betrayed ourselves, and perhaps have lost all means to prosecute our undertaking. But I still have great hopes, and it makes me tolerably easy in my unpleasant situation. And do you know who has paid all these sums?—The Armenian! For what reason does this man haunt the Prince? This is a certain proof, that the scheme they are trying is of consequence.

The Prince was prepared for the arrest; and conceive his astonishment, when the creditors came to give him their receipts, and returned him the money he had advanced to them on account.

They all begged pardon for their conduct, and assured him that they would not have taken violent measures, if they had not been made anxious for their money, and to lose it would have made them

them beggars. Who urged them to be so clamorous, he could not imagine. Although the Prince was astonished that the Armenian had paid his debts, he had sense enough to appear as if he knew of the proceeding, and this induced the creditors to think, that the money came from his court.

The Armenian could not have found a better opportunity to make the Prince attached to him. He thinks of nothing but him, and is more anxious to learn who he is. He has forgot Civitella's death.

You go about the town in different characters ; have you not been able to find out who the Armenian is ?

LETTER . X.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

November the 23d.

THE Prince is always with the Bishop; and I know that their conversation is generally upon religious topics. It is a great pity that I cannot constantly be present for I hear only detached sentences, but from them I conclude, that the Prince will remain firm to his opinion, until thoroughly convinced to the contrary.

The Bishop appears every hour in a more amiable light. The mildness which he always shews, when endeavouring to controvert the objections of the Prince (which I must confess are often supported with great warmth) is inimitable,

inimitable, and is the sincerest proof, how much he wishes to appear like the man of God, whose doctrines he preaches. His talents in Theology, added to his eloquence, place every thing in the clearest light, so that it is impossible for any person to err in his opinion.

It always gave me the greatest happiness, to assist such a conversation, if it was possible for me to do it.

To day I was very fortunate. I will put as much of the conversation down as I can recollect. You will wonder that the Bishop does not betray the Catholic, who with the sword of faith cuts his way through all difficulties. He wishes to explain them, and to shew fundamentally to the Prince, how much is gained by a religion, which adopts a Supreme Being, and holds-out a recompence

pence for our good actions. It is very seldom that he mentions the proscribed religion in the Holy Scriptures, and if he does, it is only when the Prince enquires about it. You see that he does not press it upon him, but goes step by step.—I am wandering from the subject:—I promised to relate to you to-day's conversation.

With the greatest impatience the Prince waited for the Bishop. At last he came. He hastened to conduct him to his arm chair, which is always set ready for him.

“I have waited with anxiety for your arrival, dear father! A new doubt has arisen within me concerning the existence of a Supreme Being.”

“A doubt of the existence of a Supreme Being!—Oh! I am very sorry for that!

Then

Then we are not so far advanced as I believed.—How is it possible that you can even admit such a thought?"

"I have been reading this book—It is beautifully written.—so convincing!" (here he gave the book to the Bishop.)

"Not convincing, Prince, but seductive. Truth does not want any colour. I know the book. It is beautifully written, and for that reason so much the more dangerous. We feel not immediately the effect of poison that is hidden beneath sugar, and when we discover it, antidotes come too late."

At these words the book was thrown into the fire and consumed. The Prince looked at the Bishop with a countenance full of anger. This did not escape the Bishop.

“ Do you regret the loss of the book? If so, I am sorry that I destroyed it! But I hope not!”

“ You told me, yourself, that reasonable doubts would lead me nearer to the truth.”

“ Yes, Prince; but did that book contain such?—And if it were so, you should not read it in your present situation. It will make you more difficult to be brought into the way of truth, and probably prevent your obtaining that end, by the rejection of which you have lost so much already. A patient must submit to the prescriptions of the physician, and the convalescent must not be permitted to indulge in every kind of eatable, for fear of a relapse, which often is more difficult to cure than the first illness. So soon as you have acquired the true principles to act upon, you may
read

read that book : you will then pity the author, and become firmer in the support of truth."

" Permit me to ask you a few questions. Why do we worship God ?"

" Because he is the most perfect being."

" And from whence do we know that ?"

" We conclude from the creation of the world."

" But this conclusion would be wrong if the world created itself?"

" Undoubtedly."

" There would also be no God, if he were not, at the same time, the Creator?"

"This follows from the idea which we have of him. An inactive God, were no God at all; at least he could have no influence over us."

"And if it were so?—If the creation were a matter of chance?"

"If I thought that in any manner possible, I would give up my opinion without hesitation."

"Possible! You agree with me that all things are possible."

"The ideas of a madman!"

"Do you reckon, then, that the learned, witty and spirited *ol***re was mad?"

"He proves it himself by many of his opinions—But do you not believe that

that a mad man may be reasonable in several things, whilst his malady centres upon one particular point? Have you not experienced it by a living example in father Florentino, who thought that he was the Holy Ghost; and yet in every thing else was a rational and clever man."

"But the difference is that the former had grounds for his opinion, but the latter none."

"Have you ever heard them? And will you honour his folly with the name of reason?" I could, on the retrospect of your *ol***re, return the objection upon you: But we are departing from our point. Tell me sincerely, do you not perceive the absurdity of the idea that the world created itself? Is the Creator and the creature the same? Did not the contradiction strike you at the first moment?

Is

Is it easier for you, and more adequate to your reason, to believe that the world was formed by chance, than to acknowledge an almighty, all wise, and good Creator? Oh, Prince! how much are you corrupted by this shameful book!"

"Certainly, if you suppose that the world, before it existed, possessed within itself a power by which it produced itself, this would be undoubtedly the greatest contradiction:—But I do not suppose so; its materials did exist, and consisted merely in little solid indivisible bodies or parts, which are called atoms. These from their gravity had been falling from eternity, in perpendicular lines through the immensity of space. One of these forsook fortuitously its perpendicular direction, carried along with it a second, and these two still more, and from this concurrence arose heaven and earth, and all which exists in them."

"And

“ And you take this nonsense for probability? However, we will consider every part of your system separately, which you must not think to be the invention of your author: for first Democritus, and after him Epicurus adopted it; and Cicero has so excellently refuted it, that this alone would be quite sufficient. He says, somewhere, to the best of my recollection *—

“ That any one should maintain that this beautiful and perfect world was formed accidentally from single and solid corpuscles, I am not much surprized; but I do not at all perceive how any one should not believe, that if they took together a great number of letters, and then threw them upon the earth, the Annals of Ennius would arise from them. I do not think that chance

* De Nat. Deor. II. 37.

could

could ever compose one verse. And still further, if I am not mistaken," continues he, "if the world could have been formed by the junction of atoms why did they not form some city, or a colonade, or temple, or a house, since all these require less, and are more easily constructed? However, as I said before, we will not rest our proofs upon the authority of another, but go regularly through the system, for it loses much by the hypothesis with which you are obliged to preface it.

"You suppose it space, in which the atoms are, and were falling perpendicular, an accident has driven one from its course towards another, and that these two again carried away more with them, and by that means every thing was created. Now give me leave to ask you—What is space? Can you form to yourself any other idea of it than,

than, (what expreffion muft I ufe) the circumference of the univerfe?

The Prince remained filent.

“ I cannot. To me the idea of fpace is infeparable from that of the corporeal world, as the idea of fhade is from that of light. And if you fuppofe an infinite fpace ! It does not, however, follow from that, that an infinite number of bodies alfo muft have exifted, which it had furrounded ; or, if you like it better, by which it had been furrounded ! For would not this be a new contradiction ? However, we will let that alone ; for the idea of fpace is beyond my philofophy, and I had rather confeff this, than dogmatically obtrude my opinion upon any one.—But let us proceed ftill further. I will ask you, what the atoms muft peculiarly be, for you could give me no other answer on that head, than
proppofing

proposing to me, as you already have done, a new hypothesis. But how can you maintain that they fell perpendicularly, as there existed no basis, from which they could at first have taken their position? What was in the boundless and empty space, according to your ideas, either beneath or above? And if I should not consider that, but suppose every thing to have been as you say it was, what power was it then, which drove the first of those atoms from its original direction towards another, and these again to others? And, in short, where was the point at which they ceased to fall in perpendicular lines? Was it chance? Must that not also have its origin? or, to express myself more clearly, must not some power precede that which causes this chance? If we know that power, we no longer call it chance. From hence it seems, that a circumstance may appear to be accidental

dental to one person and not to another.—Is this evident to you ? ”

“ Perfectly.”

“ Does it not still follow that a circumstance may appear to us merely accidental, which is not so in itself ? ”

“ It does not seem to be otherwise.”

“ That moreover the concatenation of the atoms cannot be in itself accidental, but must only appear so to us ? ”

“ Certainly ”

“ And how, if chance brought them together must not one of them have wandered from its original direction ? Is not this as much as saying that there was a power previously existing which caused this ? ”

“ After

“ After all the conclusions which you premised ; it must be so ! ”

“ And what is this power, if it is not God ?—Do not these contradictions strike you ?—But to conclude entirely ; I will grant that every thing hitherto was the effect of thought ; Who arranged these atoms so as to form such an admirable and wonderful masterpiece as the boundless universe ?—Who breathed life into man and brute ? Who was able to unite every thing together so that there is no where to be found one vacancy, but in every place the most perfect order ? Who created those atoms ? Oh Prince ! do you not feel within yourself that it must be a God ? ”

“ Yes I feel it, and always have felt it ; but I would willingly be able to prove it, and from thence arose my doubts.

doubts. Would you have me take a sentiment for truth?"

"To what point will you at last come!—Is not the reflection, that there is a God, who watches over our fate, more agreeable than the supposition that we are dependent upon chance?"

"Yes, upon that very ground I should like to have incontrovertible reasons to convince me of it."

"Oh Prince! I am sorry that you should still desire them. How could you by your feeble reason form an idea of a being for whom we have not even any sufficient expression; who is far too sublime to be represented at all by us."

"But why should our understandings be limited exactly there, when it would be
be

be so beneficial to us if we could see further? ”

“ Why has not a child the understanding of a man?—Could not God when he was forming his creatures, give them the minds of angels?—and is a truth less a truth because we cannot prove it *a priori*?—Can you prove to any one the existence of the sun, or even your own existence? ’,

“ He sees both, and that is the best proof.”

“ But how will you convince an idealist who considers every thing, except himself as a deception?—You see from this, that the most evident and clearest truths are the least demonstrable except by experience.—Yet I will see whether the creature is able to

to give a proof of the existence of his eternal creator ! ”

“ If you discover upon a desert Island some considerable work, would you not conclude from thence that men must have lived there before, to whom it owes it's origin ? ”

“ Undoubtedly. ”

“ Or could you suppose, that the wind had driven together the materials from every country, and united them together according to the rules of art ? would you not think him a madman who would support such a supposition ? ”

“ I could not think otherwise. ”

“ And what is more natural than the conclusion : that there is a world, and
con-

consequently a Creator. We perceive the effect, and must acknowledge the cause. To me this is very clear; and if you will not grant that, you must, however, at least confess that we have more proofs for, than against the existence of a God! And if this is the case, acknowledge then with humility the limits of our reason, which we cannot go beyond, without irrecoverably bewildering ourselves; and adore that which you cannot comprehend."

During this discourse the night had come on. The heavens were serene, and illuminated with sparkling stars. The Bishop opened the window, and led the Prince to it.

"Behold!" said he, "the immeasurable expanse, in which are myriads of worlds, that our eye is not able to reach."

reach. Adore him whom you are not able to comprehend !”

The Prince sunk upon his knees, and the Bishop with him.

“ Yes, here in the dust do I adore thee, oh Eternal God ! Oh pardon, pardon the weakness of thy feeble creature ! —Thou universe, and ye innumerable worlds, proclaim to me that there is a God, our Creator ! Yes, Thou art ! Thou art ! Thou art !”

To this scene, which never will be erased from my memory, there succeeded a long pause. No sound of prayer was perceptible ; but it was sufficiently evident, from the countenance of the supplicants, that no words could express their feelings which could only be intelligible to him who knows our thoughts even before they exist.

LETTER XI.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

December the 2d.

IT is true, that for this time, my letter will reach you a considerable time later than formerly. I had no subject to write upon; all is in a *statu quo*. The Bishop visits the Prince, and the Prince returns his visit; their fondness for each other increases daily. But, it is very singular to me, that the Prince should find it so difficult to pursue the right road. He is now in the extreme, and it wants very little to make him a bigotted fanatic. Whilst he acknowledges the principal truths of our religion, other ideas have again associated themselves, which, perhaps, prejudice and education

tion have cemented to his soul, and render it, for that reason, more difficult for him to get the better of them. The Bishop is not at all pleased with that; but what can he do?

He is afraid to root out the wheat with the weeds, and seems only to wait for a certain time, when he has nothing more to fear from that; and the Prince is convinced of the truth. To work there is nothing left untried.

The Prince has got acquainted, through the Bishop, with several priests, but principally with one Sebastian, who has shewn a great affection for him, and is his perpetual companion. No wonder that he is very often with us, for the Prince—(who has already reposed an unlimited confidence in the Bishop) looks upon this favourite in a very high light. Thus much is certain, that this Sebastian

is a man of the world ; but that he is possessed of the goodness of heart which characterizes the Bishop, I have my doubts. The hypocrite appears in his countenance, although he knows how to hide it. That the Bishop does, not suspect him, proves nothing in favour of him that will subvert my opinion ; for, it is well known that the best of hearts are frequently the easiest to be imposed upon.

The Bishop has indeed great skill in finding out the character of a man ; but he did not see this Sebastian behind the scenes, as I did ; they think nothing of him, and, on that account, do not suspect him. What confirms the truth of my former assertion, is, that Sebastian encourages the Prince in his fanatical manner of thinking ; he acts thus before him ; but, when the Bishop is present, he displays again the man of science,

ence, who only is satisfied with the marrow, and throws away the bones. But with what skill he contrives all this you must judge for yourself. It is singular that the Prince did not discover any thing in him, although he is not quite blind in such cases. Yet I will, for the present, suspend my judgment. Perhaps I may have been mistaken. Since I have known the Bishop, I have quite another opinion of some of the priests here.

The Armenian and his companions have not made the least noise, and the Prince, desirous of hearing something certain about him, becomes daily more and more impatient; for, these words, "Thou shalt know him nearer, if thy obedience makes thee worthy of it." And also the history of Civitella still perplexes him.

The Prince cannot speak to the Cardinal; for his illness has rather increased than lessened. To avoid any thing that might remind him of his nephew, he is gone to his estate in the country.

December the 4th.

HOW shall I relate to you a piece of news which causes the greatest sorrow? God of heaven! Must every thing that is good and virtuous fall to the ground?

I was obliged to recover the shock I received before I could continue writing. The Bishop is dead! To-day we receive the terrible news. He had an epileptic fit. All lament his death; but the Prince is inconsolable. Alas! he has suffered a great loss! He was here last night, with several other priests and

and father Sebastian. He entertained the society till late at night, with the vivacity of his conversation, and was so well pleased with his visit that he neglected going to rest at his usual hour, which he seldom missed.

Before he went home, he complained of the head-ach ; but, he observed also, that he had such attacks very often, and no person thought that they were the forerunners of bad consequences.—He is no more.

If ever you shed tears for a good man, sacrifice one to the memory of him !—In him the Prince—alas ! not the Prince only ; in him the world has suffered an irreparable loss ! He was the firm supporter of humanity.

I never spoke to him ; I only saw his actions ; but, from those, I cannot think

any man ever was more worthy of esteem than he was.

If saints are worshipped, he certainly ought to occupy the highest place among them, for, although he neglected the scourge, he fulfilled the will, of God—

I have just left the Prince. He weeps for him!—Sorrow sometimes becomes a pleasure.—He had a great desire to see the corpse of his beloved friend once more; but he was not admitted. They said that they had forwarded it immediately, according to his last will, to **mo, as soon as they were sure of his being dead; for he desired to rest near the remains of his friends.—I hope this is true, and that he was not sacrificed to malice! The sudden removal of the corpse certainly makes this somewhat probable.

I was

I was in the Prince's room when father Sebastian came with a sealed parcel.

“ Here is something for you, from our deceased friend ; perhaps it contains his last will, which he trusts to your care. I saw it in his writing desk, before they found him dead. The direction struck me, and the addition upon it, to deliver it to you immediately after his death, may excuse this sudden step which I have taken,—for having brought it to you without the knowledge of any other person.”

Tears almost made the words of Sebastian unintelligible. Oh ! I certainly have wronged him ; for he seriously bewails the death of the Bishop ! —But it may be dissimulation.

The Prince thanked him. He opened the parcel immediately, and run over it's contents hastily, which seemed to make a deep impresson upon him. He communicated nothing to the priest, and locked himself up in his room, as soon as he was gone.

I could not learn any thing about it; but I feel so much interested in it, that I shall not think it dishonourable to open the writing desk of the Prince, as soon as an opportunity offers. Perhaps we may obtain a key to many other things.

I shall, in this instance, make some extracts, by which means you will be able to judge for yourself. I wished long ago to do so, but found no opportunity.

The

The parcel must contain intelligence of great consequence. The Prince is still engaged in perusing it, and has given orders for us to suffer no person to enter his room. His countenance is very serious and gloomy; his eyes seem to express astonishment and rage; his sorrows, which the death of the Bishop had occasioned, appear to be forgotten. My curiosity is raised to the highest pitch, and I can scarcely wait for the best time to satisfy myself and you.

LETTER XII.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

December the 9th.

ARM yourself, friend, to hear things which will astonish you. My conjectures have not deceived me. The parcel contains things of the greatest consequence. The whole of last night I spent in reading it through, at the greatest hazard of being discovered. The Prince does not go out so generally as he did, but receives his visitors in his hotel. And, if that did not happen, I was prevented by other circumstances from pursuing my plan. Last night he went to-bed very early, and I ventured to creep into his room, although some of his people sleep under it. With the greatest care I opened
the

the writing-desk, and took out the parcel. The contents I here communicate to you:

“PRINCE!

“ My death unravels a history which I was obliged to conceal from you, during my life time, to continue unknown. It was my only wish to live in obscurity, for I could not expect ever to obtain the sovereignty: listen then to my history from the beginning to the end,

“ I am a *** Prince, and the eldest brother of the present regent * * *. —I would not discover myself to you, fearful that I might inflame you to unreasonable revenge, and by that means deprive myself of my quietude. As soon as my duty called me to your assistance, my heart willingly accorded with the invitation, and it cost me a desperate
strug-

struggle to obtain that fortitude, which was required, not to press you, my nephew, immediately to my heart ; and, I am confident, you must have perceived my embarrassment at our first interview, which arose from the same cause. I thought it prudent to act thus, as I wished to go down in peace to my grave, because I was not sure that in discovering myself to you, you might, perhaps, have unintentionally betrayed me. The following history will convince you that I am your near relation.

“ I was heir to the crown, and of my three other brothers there remains only the present **, and your uncle. Your father is no more ; he was the dearest to me, and I shall probably meet him again in a better world, after a long separation. Between me and the present *** there existed, from our infancy, a rooted dislike to each other, which

which originated from our being such opposite characters. As he advanced in years his enmity became worse ; for he easily perceived, that I was superior to him in rank, and that the crown was my inheritance. His ambition made the first intolerable to him, and, in the last, he was actuated by the impolitic desire of an absolute authority. He sought as much as possible to avoid my society, and treated me with that ceremony which is invented and practised only by those who regard not the tender ties of relationship. He never called me brother, and the more I endeavoured to win his affection by my good conduct, the more he absented himself from me. Nature had endowed me with superior talents, which caused my parents, and the other parts of the family, to love me sincerely, and which increased his hatred. On the contrary, your father was so much the more attached

tached to me, and God grant that you may enjoy that happiness, which his brotherly love gave me. My father was very feeble, and gradually declined in his health. He had a great desire to see me married in his life, to witness, perhaps an offspring. How was it possible for me not to fulfil the will of a father, who only entreated where he could have commanded. The convention pointed out to me a spouse from the ****d**** house, and it was a pleasant circumstance to me, that I had three sisters to choose from. I did not hesitate which to accept. I pitched upon Amelia, who, although not so beautiful as her sisters, yet far surpassed them in liveliness and temper. Though my hairs have long been whitened by age, yet whilst I write this I shed tears of joy, sacred to the day when she swore eternal love to me at the altar. When the ceremony was con-

concluded, I conducted my spouse, as the hereditary princess, to my father's house. She loved me, not as a royal consort, to whom the homage of a court was due; but one whom she could press tenderly to her heart as her husband and friend. I was the happiest man in the world; I seldom quitted the society of my Amelia; she was all to me. Such perfect domestic happiness as we enjoyed few princes can boast of. Our mutual love and happiness was every where spoken of with veneration. Before a year was elapsed, she was brought to-bed of a boy, and the country celebrated this event with great splendor. She nourished him at her breast, and delighted to see him walk in leading strings. It was firmly resolved not to trust the child in the hands of hirelings, but to educate him ourselves. Alas! my happiness was too great to last long. I was soon dashed

dashed from its pinnacle. My father
 engaged in the war which broke out
 with the enemies of his allies, the
 d. My duty called me into the
 field. The love I bore your father,
 who had already suffered much from
 the enemy, overcame the anxieties of
 my beloved spouse. She dismissed me
 with fortitude, without a tear, yet she
 could not conceal the emotions of her
 soul, when she thought we might never
 meet again. Her last prayer was for
 my safety.—I mounted my horse. The
 sound of drums and trumpets chased
 every weak sensation from my mind,
 and, courageously, I led my soldiers to
 the field of battle. They were all well
 disciplined, and I had their confidence
 and love: what could I hope other-
 wise than to return home victorious?—
 My first plans succeeded. From two
 battles I returned a conqueror, and the
 enemy began already to fear my supe-
 riority.

riority. One effort more was to be
 made upon the fortress of ****, and
 which, if I succeeded in taking, all
 would be completed. The evening be-
 fore the battle, I encouraged my soldiers,
 and all swore either to be victorious
 or to die. At the break of day, we march-
 ed to meet the enemy, and formed a
 line of battle in a place well situated
 for the purpose. My men fought
 like lions, and the enemy behaved with
 equal gallantry. They were well aware
 how much they were interested in the
 event, and victory remained long unde-
 cided. At last it proved in favour of us.
 The enemy began to yield, and I com-
 manded the heavy cavalry to charge
 sword in hand. I headed my people,
 which inflamed them with new cou-
 rage. A ball which struck me upon my
 head, caused me to fall from my horse,
 and four months I lingered without my
 senses. When I came to myself I found
 that

that I was in the hands of my enemies. They had discovered me naked upon the field of battle ; and, when they saw signs of life in me, I was carried with the wounded to the hospital. The confusion in my head was very dangerous ; they were obliged to trepan me ; and, after the accounts which they gave me, as to the manner that they proceeded, it is almost incredible how I escaped with my life. Alas ! better had it been that I had died, for the sorrows which I was doomed to suffer, were almost too much for me to bear, and I am not able to comprehend how I survived them. My first inquiries were after my father and my wife : alas ! oh God ! what did I hear ? As soon as I fell from my horse, the courage of my men failed them, and, the enemy taking advantage of their confusion, made a fierce attack, and gained with ease a complete victory. This unhappy news
caused

caused my father's death, and my wife soon followed him. My little son also died a few weeks after. My eldest brother had usurped the reins of government in the name of my child, who was not old enough, and he was proclaimed regent of * * * with the greatest splendor. What I felt by this information no words can express. I had lost all! I thought it not proper to make myself known; and, when I was entirely restored, they dismissed me without ransom, and many of the officers there made me rich presents. I would not venture to wait upon my brother, though he seemed to me very friendly, during the war, in which he also had assisted. It was as if a secret power destined me for destruction. How could I be an agreeable guest, as my existence must necessarily deprive him of the crown, and I could not expect any mercy from him in that case,

as

as he always hated me; and the love which he showed me during the campaign displayed only his hypocrisy, as I could easily perceive. I went to my father-in-law; but I was a long time before I could speak to him, for, in my dress they would not suffer me to approach him, and I was not willing to discover myself to any body but to him. At last I succeeded in obtaining a hearing, whilst he was walking to his carriage at a country seat, for which opportunity I was obliged to wait for more than four hours; but the issue of it was not what I expected. Illness and sorrow had quite disfigured me: he thought me an impostor; and I ought to thank God that I was not dragged to a dungeon. I mentioned to him every trifling circumstance, even when I courted his daughter; but it was of no use. The clearest proof to the contrary was, that they had found my corpse
upon

upon the field of battle; that my wife and brothers had acknowledged it to be such, and that it was buried in the vault of my ancestors, and that they still mourned my death. To recover my lost crown seemed to me impossible. My second brother, on whom I rested my hopes, was upon his travels, I made myself easy in my situation, and thought it infinitely better to do so, than to try to ascend the throne by the blood of my fellow creatures, even if it were possible for me to find a power to assist me, since success in the attempt would not have been any recompense to me, for that which I had lost. I bought with the money that I was possessed of, a guitar, entirely reconciled myself to my fate; and, without having any plan for the future, I travelled from place to place, and earned my bread at the doors of wealthy people. This manner of life perfectly

ly

Iy agreed with my situation, for, as every thing in the world had become indifferent to me, I found it welcome to me. I happened one day to pass through a village on the borders of **. As it began to grow dark when I arrived, I resolved to pass the night there. It was on a Sunday; and I was entreated by the guests of the alehouse to entertain them with my guittar. I began, and sang a romance which I had composed myself from my own history, but which could not easily be discovered, because it treated of a Prince who was in the power of malevolent fairies. I used to sing it better than any other, for it was my favourite song, as my sensations could be more strongly expressed by it, and without betraying myself; for who would have suspected in my person the hereditary Prince of ***, whom they concluded was no more. I felt a particular sorrow so long as I travelled in my

my native country, when the bells rang for my death *, and which had already announced that my Amelia was no more ; alas ! could I but have recovered her again, how willingly would I have renounced all claims to the diadem and purple robes. The tolling of bells brought her loss fresh to my mind, and it was as if my heart was severed by a two-edged sword. I was attentive to my guitar, and saw not what was going forwards about me. I had finished. The country people were all sitting round me, and almost lost in attention and astonishment. The landlord an invalid, with a wooden leg, stood before me in his soldier's dress, and surveyed me narrowly ; I thought his countenance was familiar to me.

* It is a custom in Germany, whenever a Prince dies, to ring the passing-bell every evening for a certain period.

‘Fetch the best that you have in your house, mother,’ he exclaimed, ‘and put it before the guitar-man’.—He came nearer to me, and said; ‘Perhaps you do not know what a happy day this is to me; your song is a faithful representation of the fate of our hereditary Prince.’ He took off his cap. I became anxious. ‘I served under him, and was in the same engagement, when he lost his life and I my leg. I would willingly have died in his stead! The rascal who shot him!——but we dare not speak what we know; if he was alive, it would be better for our country.’—‘Yes,’ said the countryman, and praised me so much, that I was scarcely able to maintain my character. ‘You see,’ said the landlord, ‘that I am clothed in my regimentals! It is my birthday, and it is then only, and on great festivals, that I put them on. Let us be merry! Indeed it would be better for us, if our happy hereditary Prince
 was

was living ! I have many times stood near to him, and have conversed with him ! He wiped a tear from his eye, and I was obliged to turn from him. I knew but too well who the landlord was. He had served in the guard, and was very well known to me.—‘ You should have seen him,’ he continued. ‘ If I described him to you, I should say he looked exactly like this guitar-man, only he was handsomer ; his height was the same. We ought not to make such a comparison ; but an hereditary Prince is made of the same materials as a guitar-man, and the difference consists only in this, that the Almighty gave the one a sceptre and the other a guitar.’—He once more looked at me. ‘ Yes, exactly his features ! He appeared so the moment I saw him.’ He took a full bumper.—‘ To the memory of our hereditary Prince !’ he exclaimed—and all followed his example. I was

anxious not to be known, and began immediately to play a lively tune, to turn the attention of the people to another object. I succeeded, but not with the wish of the landlord; he remained thoughtful. The countrymen at last dispersed, and the landlord took me aside. He spoke to me bare headed. 'You are our gracious Prince. I know you well!' I affected to laugh, and answered 'He is dead; you yourself said so!' 'I said so, but I thought otherwise. No one will suppose that I am in possession of a secret, which is known to very few. You may tell me who you are. Do not think that I will betray you. I had an idea, that you might still be alive; and, as I read in the newspapers, that at **d**, somebody had given himself out to be the hereditary prince of ***, I became more sure of it; and, when I saw you, I knew you so well that I was confident

I was

I was not mistaken. Speech and every thing else agrees. Our hereditary Prince played also upon the guittar, and sung well. I have many times listened to his music, when I stood centinel before his tent, in the last campaign, and I crept very often behind his tent to hear him play. However, it never would have come into my mind to seek in your person the Prince, did not I know what I do, and had not your conduct betrayed you; as I told the countrymen, that between you and the hereditary Prince there was the greatest familiarity.' He seized my hand with affection. 'Oh! let me hear it from your own mouth, although I am confident that you are our gracious hereditary Prince!' I could no longer maintain my disguise. I discovered myself to him. His prudent conduct in the presence of the countrymen, when he knew me, was a sufficient proof of his

integrity ; and from him I learnt things which made my hair stand upright, and taught me to avoid in future, more carefully, my native country. ‘ Do you know,’ continued he, ‘ from whom the ball came that dismounted you? From one of your own soldiers. When you fell, another ball also killed my comrade, and I, at the same time, lost my leg. I fell near him. I was lying there in the most excruciating pain. When the tumult of the battle ceased ; his piercing shrieks brought me to my senses ; and I had power and sense enough left to bind up my wound as well as I possibly could. He now perceived that I was still alive. Kill me brother, do me that favour ! he exclaimed—No, do not kill me, I am not worthy of such mercy ! I deserve the dreadful torments I endure—for I have murdered our hereditary Prince ! The cursed money of his brother tempt-
ed

ed me to commit that horrid deed. Now hell drags me down ! He died uttering the most frightful curses.—So much deliberate villainy I did not expect from my brother, but I experienced pangs still more terrible.—As they could not find my body upon the field of battle, they took from the spot that of another person who resembled me, and by disfiguring his face produced it as my corpse. But my inhuman brother was not yet satisfied. He poisoned my spouse and little son, and I will not presume to say with certainty, that he did not send out of the world by that means, my father. God will judge him—I leave it to his conscience.—I remained at the Invalids several days, I obliged him to promise me an eternal silence of what he knew, and continued my journey. At J*** I was taken ill with a bad fever, and I found a home in the convent ***, where they took

great care of me. One day I was laying almost exhausted after a fit, when, raising my eyes, I saw a monk sitting upon my bed, who seemed to take particular care of me. I looked at him, and beheld Father Lorenzo, who was formerly in the convent ***, which I visited very often, on account of its romantic situation, and his society which I preferred to that of all the other priests. The good monk knew me immediately; and as he feared I might betray myself during the delirium; he had taken the trouble to watch me himself. I commended his precaution, and thanked God that he had sent me a friend at so critical a period, to whom I could entrust the secret of my misfortunes. From that time the monk Lorenzo was my constant companion. At last I recovered, and felt an unconquerable desire to remain in the convent. I had already got acquainted with many
 good

good friends there, and I could not bear to separate from them, I was also tired of wandering about. Is it possible, I exclaimed, to choose a more noble way of living, than that of studying the welfare of men? And now my resolution was firm, to enter as one of their order. I was obliged to become a Roman Catholic, but who can blame me for that. Does not God know the heart? And where can we find amongst the supporters of our religion, such conduct as amongst the Catholics? They are blamed for intolerance.—Do they enquire what we believe before they do a good action? Never! They give to him who wants, without respect or preference. Where is there a doctrine which is taught by the Catholic church, which does not agree with the purest principles of morality?—That monks sometimes abuse, it must not be denied, and which cannot often be said of the protestants.

testants. However, I will not defend
 a step that my conscience never re-
 proached me for, and for which I ne-
 ver was sorry, but always found it be-
 neficial to me. I expect the approach-
 ing hour when my Creator will call me
 to an account for all my actions, and
 I do not tremble at it. He will
 not ask, what did you believe? But,
 how didst thou act? And what religion
 is most desired by good monks? Is it
 not that which I have embraced. I
 spent a number of happy years in that
 convent—I care not what is said against
 them. I found this opinion confirmed,
 that an unhappy being cannot chuse a
 better refuge from his misfortunes,
 than the tranquil scenes of a cloister. I
 never should have left it, if I had not
 been obliged to do so by necessity.
 Heaven knows that my brother, found
 out the place of my retirement. Father
 Lorenzo discovered a brother in our
 convent,

convent, who aimed at my life, and he confessed that he was hired to do so by one of my brother officers. To prevent the execution of the diabolical design, I left the convent; and my separation cost me many tears—I travelled over * z . . . An account; that I was still alive, had also spread there, and made me particularly anxious for fear I should be discovered. The discovery happened. But it was made by a friend, who became my support in that trying hour—This was the governor of **, who was some time in the service of our court. By his intercession I obtained the Bishoprick of *** and as much as I struggled against it, I was obliged to accept it. But in that situation I was not safe from the revenge of my brother; and he trusted me less, as I was in a better situation to do him material injury than when I lived

an harmless monk in the convent of
 * * *. Some narrow escapes, made
 me anxious, and at last obliged me to
 take up my abode here, and I found in
 the doge of * * *, a great protector.
 By his influence, I also obtained per-
 mission to preach at St. Mark's church,
 which suited my wishes and inclina-
 tions. I had many enemies amongst
 the clergy in this place, because I did
 not always follow their example ; but I
 suffered all very patiently, and thanked
 God, that this was not owing to the ill
 will of my brother, whom I was wil-
 ling not to curse in my heart. With
 the relation of my misfortunes I could
 fill a folio volume ; but this is enough,
 my son, to instruct you in my history,
 and to procure me after my death a tear
 from my nearest relation. A certain
 presumption tells me : I shall not live
 long, and in that case I recommend to
 you, the priest Sebastian. You may
 safely

safely follow his advice ; for I have tried him and found him sincere. Let him finish the work of your conversion, which I have begun. He is wise, and unblemished in word and deed. My blessing attend you in every undertaking. Farewell."

"L. R. * * * ; formerly

"Hereditary Prince of * * *."

Well, friend, what do you say to this ?

The history itself appears to me false. I cannot help suspecting that it leads to the execution of a certain scheme.

It is very true that the deceased Bishop was a German, though no person was acquainted with his real history, and whenever the Prince spoke of it, he turned the conversation to some other subject. Every thing has such a romantic

tic air, that although I know too well that in the Prince's family there are hidden some secrets which no biographer can disclose; yet, I cannot give credit to the Bishop's history.

The Prince is fully convinced of the truth of the whole history. I was present at a conference, which he had with Sebastian, upon the subject.

He thinks the Bishop was his uncle, and that his hand-writing proves the fact. "On that account my grandfather died so suddenly, and the daughter-in-law and nephew followed him!" exclaimed he, with a terrible voice, and swore to be revenged upon the assassin.

Sebastian joined with him in his resolution, and made this observation: that it appeared clear, that Heaven had selected him for the holy task of punishing such a horrible crime.

LETTER XIII.

JOHNSON TO LORD SEYMOUR.

December.

THE good Baron F*** is poisoned, by the command of the Prince. This is the recompence for his faithful attachment.—Oh God!!! The Prince is already so far gone, that he suffers his people to be assassinated clandestinely! I have heard it positively asserted that he ordered it to be done; and Biondello was so quick in the execution, that I could not prevent it. They accused the good F*** of having written letters to **, in which he had calumniated the Prince. The Count O*** also it was said, was a party concerned. Oh! ye good people! Ye interest yourselves too much for an unworthy

worthy man! It is probable, that the Baron has written something to * * * that the Prince dislikes, but does he deserve to be assassinated for it? It is too common in this country. But ought not the Prince rather to thank him for it? He certainly did it with no other view, than that the Prince might leave Venice, and extricate himself from a labyrinth, in which he will be more and more entangled. That this man could not have been actuated by bad motives, I will stake my life, and all my hopes of eternal happiness.

Several days later.

AND yet friend, how miserably am I deceived in my opinion of mankind. The Baron F * * * and the Count O * * * cannot be those honest persons we had supposed them; yet I must say this, that in their excuse, they have too much interested

terested themselves in the Prince's welfare.

I have been again to the Prince's writing-desk, and seen all the letters from the Baron F*** to the Count O***, and also several of the last, which Biondello, probably had intercepted, according to his orders. I judge more favourably of the Prince's rash proceedings, yet I will not defend him; for the letters are written in such terms that one would scarcely suspect the greatest villain of being the author. and what is still more terrible, it appears very clear from their contents, that the Baron F*** poisoned the Prince's Greek lady, by command of the court.

But they should have first heard the Baron in his defence. Perhaps he still may be innocent; for he was very
much

much attached to the Prince, and in all his actions, seemed a man of integrity. I can hardly persuade myself, that he could be the villain which is required to commit such deeds;—to calumniate his master, and poison an innocent lady, who, according to the description of all that knew her, was an angel. I am perplexed in the extreme! I was prevented writing farther upon this business by a strange event.

A man entered my room, and desired, in a very noisy way, to be shewn immediately to my master. From his countenance I saw he was desperate: he looked wild and in trouble. I must confess that his appearance alarmed me. At the moment I felt embarrassed; I knew not how to address him. Observing that I hesitated, he repeated his demand once more, with terrible threats.

Anxious

Anxious to know the purport of his visit, I attended the fellow to the Prince. As soon as he saw him, he rushed upon him, and drew a dagger from his bosom, which he presented to the Prince, who quickly retired into a corner of the room, and, drawing his sword, held it before the villain. "This dagger was destined for you, Prince !" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth.

The attendants seized the assassin, and disarmed him.

"That is unnecessary," said he, and struggled to disengage himself.

"Had I been such an outcast, as to have assassinated my gracious master, I should, indeed, have chosen an hour when no person could have prevented me."

The

The Prince, who had now recovered himself from his fright, approached him, and discovered him to be his servant, whom he had lost about a year ago *. His astonishment was very great, to find his man, whom he had despaired of ever seeing again, in such a peculiar situation.

" And you could determine to murder your master, you whom I always looked upon as one of my most faithful servants !"—

" And I am still so, as God the Almighty is my witness, gracious Prince," he replied, " else this my dagger would have pierced your heart, for it would have procured me a thousand zechins; a handsome reward, indeed, for the life of a Prince !"—

* See the first volume.

"Who could offer so much for my life?" (Laughing furiously.)

"Your uncle, his Serene Highness."—

"Does he wish to assassinate me also? He should have chosen some other person to have executed this honourable deed ; for he must have well known that he had not found his man in you! This was stupidly managed. One villain always supposes another person to be the same."—

"Pardon me, great Prince, for speaking thus openly ; but it is the truth.— And do you think that this is the first attempt that has been made upon your life? Already seventeen assassins have been hired ; but they never were able to come at you. When they thought that they had you in their power, it always

ways happened that you were snatched from them. They cursed their fortune, and said, that the fault was not theirs; that a person, (I do not know what they call him, and who always goes about in different disguises) had prevented the execution of their design, because he took you under his protection.”—

“ Ah! the Armenian!” said the Prince, astonished.

“ They would not leave this work any longer to the care of the banditti, but chose me for the purpose. I thanked them for this honourable trust. I was ordered to return again to your secretary, to say that I had been detained in the cloister by the monks, to regain your confidence, and then to assassinate you privately when you expected no danger, and were alone and unarmed. On the deed being done, I

was

was to fly to the convent, and to be received under its protection."

"Stupid scheme; pity that it was not more successful; but where have you been all this time?"—

"I have not been out of Venice, but have been shut up in a small room, where I could neither see sun or moon."—

"But how could you receive messages from me?"—

"In the easiest way in the world, even by means of those people from * * *, who had taken and confined me. I regularly went to a cloister in the Guidicca, and performed my devotions; which was very agreeable to me; for the father who governed it, did every thing to please me, and had almost succeeded

ceeded in making me a Catholic. Do not be angry, great Prince, for he possessed such powers of persuasion, that he obliged me to believe whatever he said. I often reprobated myself for my apostacy; but I changed my mind again as soon as I got to the cloister!

He was not like most Venetians, difficult of access, but, on the contrary, very communicative; and, from the first time that I saw him, I desired so much to see him again, that I sought him of my own accord the day following. Many of the other brethren behaved very civilly to me, and I could not help preferring their agreeable society to any other. There was always something new, and my curiosity was so much excited, that I could with difficulty wait the return of the visit. Their intention was, very likely, to convert me to their faith, for what otherwise

1

could

could they see in me deserving of so much trouble? And, perhaps, this was not difficult to accomplish, for they represented every thing in so peaceable and lovely a manner. And I really frequented the places of worship with infinite pleasure. They were always curious, and wished to hear news of you, gracious Sir; but, when I told them I was ignorant, or that I dare not blab, they were then satisfied, and praised my fidelity. What they might safely know I told them, but not one syllable more; and we remained, by this means, the best friends. One day as I was going to them, after they had been paying a visit, from which they had returned rather late, it was already dusk, and I was not far from the cloister, when three fellows surrounded me, bound my hands and feet, and forced me away blindfold. They carried me into a small dark

room, and left me to myself. I had not been long there, when Colonel **ch came to me; he endeavoured to extort news of you, which I either did not know, or at least pretended to be ignorant of. He took all possible trouble to get something out of me, and, when fair means did not succeed, had recourse to severity. You cannot believe gracious Prince, what questions they put to me; it was all unintelligible to me. They attributed to you what you never performed; and every step you took, and every thing you did, was misrepresented in the most shameful manner.”—

“Had I even then spies about me,” exclaimed the Prince? “I must confess, this exceeds all my expectations.”—

“The Colonel **, and several other officers who had long practised with-
 1 out

out effect upon me, and who I knew very well to have been here a long time in secret, for eight or nine months never came near me, as they well knew that all their threats were in vain. Some days after this time the Colonel paid me another visit. I was tired of living so long upon bread and water, and therefore pretended to be very obedient, and immediately the proposal was made to me of murdering you. I accepted the offer, because I feared they might procure some other person, who would execute this order in earnest. What remains you are already acquainted with."

The Prince took this man again into his service, and gave orders for apprehending these pretended officers. It always appeared wonderful to me that he never could gain any information respecting them. How the Prince

was affected by this act of his court ; you may easily conceive : he vowed death and destruction to it. It is fortunate, that he has it not in his power to execute it ; for he would, perhaps, keep his word ; but it is otherwise ordered. Indeed it is natural to expect, that he who permitted Count F * * to be murdered without a hearing, would easily consent to having his uncle privately assassinated : he might even think he had a right to do it, as a just revenge, and consider it as a praise-worthy action. And although he was never influenced by secret revenge, his passions here interfered ; and, it appears to me, as if he only opposed them to become the more furious. It might also happen that the assistance he expected from the King of * * could not be granted.

Stroke upon stroke ; this instant the Prince has learnt, that the Bishop of

** has been taken off by poison, and at the instigation of the Count of **. The perpetrators of this deed have been taken and confessed every thing.

The Prince himself has spoken to them, and every thing has been again confirmed. This is too bad, and were it possible to suspect a trick, I should be apt to think (as every thing seems to accord with the idea) that it had been done on purpose to inflame the rage of the Prince against **. But who could be interested in this? The whole is to me unaccountable. If the anger of the Prince could have been increased, it would certainly have been so by this intelligence, but it was already at the highest. For a long time he spoke not a word, but his breast boiled with rage.—

G S

“ Mur-

“ Murderers of my father, and brother ; murderers of all my friends ! ” at last he exclaimed, with furious action ; “ God’s dreadful vengeance shall at last fall upon you, through me, and then woe to you.”

I hope it will be forgotten by him, for the most violent passions always last the shortest time ; but so soon as we perceive he is about undertaking any dangerous business, we must then have recourse to the last extremity, and lay the whole affair before *, * ; for it appears to me, in spite of all the improbabilities by which it is attended, nothing more than a concerted trick. And may not this be attributed to the old man that I overheard talking to Biondello ; and does it not appear to be agreeable to his whole plan ? I do not know myself what to think of it.

Will it be impossible for you to find out these officers? Perhaps they would be able to give you information upon many things!

A day later.

THE Armenian is at work again; Sebastian came to the Prince to-day earlier than usual. His countenance announced something remarkable: he approached the Prince silently, and gave him the following note:

“PRINCE,

“I have always recommended to you patience and submission. If you are desirous of acquiring my nearer acquaintance, or if you wish to arrive at that pinnacle of power which you can attain through me, I now require a proof of both. I am not a

stranger to the resolution you have taken, to be revenged. You must no longer indulge the thought, or, at least, not upon any account, execute it. It will be a proof of your prudence and patience. Mark this,—that often is a crime which, at another time and under different circumstances, may be an act of justice. You will convince me of your sincerity, if, before the end of seven days, you become a member of the only true and happy church. I know this has been long your intention; but proceed to fulfil it. The reasons for your doing this I cannot now explain; but they will in time unfold themselves.

“Your invisible conductor

“Through all places.”

“From the Armenian!” exclaimed the Prince, after he had read the letter, with

with attention and a kind of awe,
 “how did you know him?”—

“He appeared to me in my apartment, and gave me the letter;—more I know not,” said Sebastian, at the same time putting his finger upon his mouth, as if he would say, That this business ought not to be spoken of. The Prince understood him, and was silent.—Here again then the Armenian has been before us; but this time I am disposed to thank him, although the circumstance proved to me that I was mistaken; for now there can be no longer any doubt, but that the Armenian and his associates were innocent of having poisoned the Prince’s friends, for he surely would not thus destroy the effect of his own work.

The Baron F. is frequently confined to his bed, nevertheless, he now and

then creeps about ; but death seems to be painted in his countenance. The Prince appears to be a little concerned for him. I observed this in him, and was very happy, because it showed that he had still some regard for him. But he will not consent to an interview, although he seems to be convinced that he has condemned him too rashly. Poor F. . . ! Alas ! if he is innocent, the conduct of the Prince towards him will give him even more pain than the poison itself ; and I really conclude from his former character, that he is so.—But then certainly the letters - - - It is wonderful that I never could believe any person guilty, that I had not before suspected to be capable of committing a crime ; and I could not judge the Baron to be such a villain, although I had seen those letters in his own hand writing.

For

For appearance sake, the Prince had granted him a physician, in order to conceal the real cause of his illness; but I am afraid this man only makes his case worse; for the Baron, since his attendance, has had many painful paroxysms, which is contrary to the usual effect produced by this poison, which almost imperceptibly consumes the vital powers.

THE COUNT OF'S CONTINUATION
OF THE HISTORY

THE remaining letters from Johnson were destroyed, for he carelessly left a wax candle burning upon the table, when he went to bed, which when it had burnt out, set the letters on fire; by which means the good lord would have lost his life, if the smoke in consequence of it, had not waked him in time. The remaining part of this history, I must therefore relate from the account which I had from him.

The letter from the Armenian, had its effect, or rather the Prince had long ago formed the same resolution from the instigation, of Sebastian, and the other monks, and this letter hastened its execution. He went over publicly to the Roman church before the

the expiration of seven days, and all
 Venice celebrated the day as a great
 feast.

That it was possible for this event to
 happen and that he might have come
 into the measure willingly might easily
 have been expected, from his education,
 which I observed long before was very
 bigotted, and slavish; and when we take
 into the account what happened to him
 afterwards, and which served so com-
 pletely to eradicate from his youthful
 heart the impressions that had been so
 strongly engraved upon it, we shall con-
 clude the old man had rightly judged
 when he said that the Prince could not
 possibly retain his original opinions, after
 being convinced of their ineffectualty, and
 that he would eagerly catch at a need to
 save himself from sinking.

The Prince's confession of faith, which

he

he made in the presence of so many people, and which, by means of Johnson, came into my possession, I can by no means suppress, because I have made it a fixed rule, to relate every thing, that concerns the Prince, and in no particular to deviate from the truth; which would be the case in my opinion, if any thing should be suppressed, which tends to characterize him; but I must previously observe, that the Prince by it, will lose much in the estimation of many of his readers, who will be surpris'd that he, who was so favoured by nature could consent to acknowledge such nonsense, the greater part of which is contrary to all sound reason, and every moral principle. But I have before said that he fell, and my tears compassionate him, at the same time, that my heart excuses him, because a more than devilish cunning and art had spread the net in which he was ensnared!

Here

*Here follows his confession of faith
verbatim.*

“ I believe and confess, that through the peculiar care of this Christian government, and the active industry and assistance of the holy fathers, I have been entirely brought over from our heretical life and faith, to the true Roman Catholic religion, and only church in which can be obtained salvation; and I do publicly declare to the whole world, that I received this faith freely, and without any compulsion.

1. “ I confess and believe the Pope is Christ's vicar, and has full power to forgive the sins of all men, according to his own pleasure, to save them, or to thrust them into hell, or excommunicate them.

2. “ I

2. " I confess that the Pope is the supreme head of the church, and that he cannot err.—

3. " I confess that whatever novelty the Pope establishes, (whether it be or not in the scriptures) whatever he ordains is the genuine truth, divine, and blessed; and that every inferior person should esteem the same as equal to the commandments of God—

4. " I do confess that the most holy Pope, should be adored by every one with divine honours, and that every one should bow the knee to him as to Christ himself—

5. " I declare, and confess, that the Pope should be honoured by all, in all things, as a most holy father, and moreover that those heretics who live contrary to his ordinances, should not only
be

be exterminated, by fire and sword, without exception or mercy, but also that their bodies and souls, should be delivered up to hell—

6. “ I confess that the reading of the Holy Scriptures is the source of all sects and parties, as also perfect blasphemy.

7. “ I confess, that to invoke the deceased faints, to worship the holy fathers, to bow the knee before them, to make pilgrimages to their tombs, to clothe them, to burn lights before them, is godly holy and useful?

8. “ I confess that a priest is much greater than the mother of God, Mary herself, who only bore the Lord Christ, and never conceived again; but a Romish priest offers, and forms the Lord Christ, not only as often as he is willing,
but

but in any manner he will; yea, he feeds upon him while he chews the bread.

9. " I confess that it is proper to, read masses, to give alms, and to pray for the dead.

10. " I confess that the Pope of Rome has power, to alter the scripture, and to augment and to diminish it according to his own pleasure.

11. " I confess that the soul will be purified in purgatory after death, and that its deliverance from thence is partly effected by the sacrifice of the mass offered up by the priest.

12. " I acknowledge that to receive the holy eucharist in one kind is good and salutary—but to receive it in both kinds is heretical and damnable.

13. " I acknowledge that those who receive the holy communion in one kind, enjoy and eat the whole Christ, both body and blood, and also his godhead and his bones.

14. " I acknowledge that there are seven true and effectual sacraments.

15. " I acknowledge that God is honored by representations of him, and may by means of them be known of men.

16. " I acknowledge that the holy Virgin Mary is queen of heaven, and governs together with the son, and that according to her will the son is obliged to act in all things.

17. " I acknowledge that the holy Virgin Mary, should be esteemed both
by

by men and angels, higher than Christ, the Son of God himself.

18. "I acknowledge that the bones of the saints, are possessed of great virtues, on which account they ought to be honoured by men, and have chapels built for them.

19. "I acknowledge that the Roman Catholic faith, is unadulterated, godly, saving and true—but that the Protestant, which I of my own accord have abjured, is false, erroneous, blasphemous, accursed, heretical, hurtful, seditious, abominable forged and devised. Since the Roman Catholic religion is, therefore throughout, good and salutary, I curse all those who taught me these abominable heresies in both kinds, I curse my parents who educated me in the heretical faith; and I also curse

curse those who made the Roman Catholic faith dubious and suspicious to me; as also those who gave me to drink of the accursed cup; yes I curse myself, and think myself accursed, because I made myself a partaker of this accursed heretical cup, of which it did not become me to drink.

20. " I acknowledge that the Holy Scripture is imperfect, and is a dead letter, as long as it is not explained by the Pope of Rome, and that the common people ought not to be allowed to read it.

21. " I acknowledge that a requiem sung by a Romish priest is more useful than a hundred sermons; and on that account I curse all those books which I have read, in which that heretical and blasphemous doctrine is contained; I also curse all the works which I
read

read whilst I lived in this heretical faith; wherefore they at the last judgment will not deserve any thing of God*.

“ All this I do with my sincere mind confirm, by means of a public retraction of the heretical doctrine, in the presence of the reverend fathers, the learned gentlemen, and the ladies who are present, and the youths and virgins; that the Roman Catholic church in these and similar articles is the true one.

“ Moreover I promise that I will never more, through my whole life, return to this heretical doctrine of the sacrament in both kinds, although it

* What the meaning of this is, I know not. Perhaps “ something for which God will not reward me.”

German Editor.

should

should be allowable to do so. I also promise, that as long as I have a drop of blood in my body, I will not educate any child of mine, in case I should have any, in that accursed doctrine, nor will consent that it should be educated therein by others, which I herewith promise.

“ I also swear that I will help to persecute this accursed heretical doctrine, secretly and openly with words and works, the sword even not excepted.

“ Lastly, I swear before God, the angels, and before all the congregation present, that if any alteration should take place, either in church or state, I never will become an apostate from the Roman Catholic, and godly church either from fear or favour, and return again to this accursed heresy, nor will I receive the same.

As

" As a confirmation of my oath, I at the same time receive the holy communion, and I cause also this my confession, written and subscribed with my own hand, to be preserved in the holy archives of the church *.

" N. N. PRINCE OF * * *."

To this was also added the following Advertisement:

" To all and every one, who see, read or hear the annexed letter, we declare and testify, that the most illustrious

* The reader, who is unacquainted with the Popish religion, will think many things in this confession, too highly coloured. But let him believe me, when I most solemnly declare, that I copied the whole verbatim from the manuscript, and that I have not made the smallest addition or alteration.

Note of the German Editor.

Prince

Prince, his highness N. N. Prince of ***, has this day, namely the * day of the month of December 17**, been absolved from all sin and heresy, by the papal power, delivered to us, having before renounced the Lutheran religion, condemned by the Council of Trent, and has publicly made his confession, and adopted the Roman Catholic and only beautifying religion; he hath likewise received from our hands, the holy communion after the manner and form prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church, with a proper veneration and devotion. For the greater security we have signed this with our own hand.

"Given on the **th day of the year mentioned above.

"N. N. BISHOP OF **,"

AND &c. &c."

The Prince was now a Roman Catholic, and from that day the Armenian was more frequently seen with him than ever. Their interviews grew more frequent, and lasted sometimes for many hours. They were very rarely held at the Prince's house, and when they were, the doors were always carefully fastened, and no person allowed to be present.

This circumstance, together with their always choosing the most secret rooms in the house for those interviews, by which means they prevented all listening, made it utterly impossible for the worthy Johnson to discover the purpose of these secret meetings. The Prince even carried the key of that room in his pocket, and very often sealed up the door. This, together with Johnson's having sometimes heard an extraordinary noise there, made him conjecture

ture that they must be employed in raising ghosts, which was really the case as will be confirmed by the conclusion.

How great an ascendancy this Armenian must have had over the Prince, is evident from the circumstance, that without his permission he did not even indulge the most sacred feelings of parental affection, or any which were once most dear to him.

He had, for example, a mother still living, who resided upon a small estate at * * sh, and whom he formerly loved dearly, and used very frequently to correspond with.

He would not answer a letter from her, notwithstanding the bigoted spirit which was prevalent throughout it (and which, as I said before, was peculiar to his whole family) contained such striking

ing marks of maternal anxiety and affection, that no one can read it without being affected by it.

Hitherto there was no opportunity for mentioning his mother, and as this letter is also the surest proof of what I have already said of the Prince's education, and is in my possession, I will insert it here*.

* The reader must not expect to see a letter, which might serve as a model for the epistolary style.

The Count O*** has taken care to prevent any thing of that kind, by the note at the end of it, and probably no one will blame me for not having given it a more fashionable dress, because it would then have appeared like a picture of one of our ancestors, drawn in the modern style, in which no one would be able to recognize him.

Note by the Editor.

“ MY

" MY SON !

" If thou * couldst know the sorrow which I feel, on account of the afflicting news of thy unhappy apostacy from the true religion and knowledge of God for thy salvation. I do not doubt, that (in case thou hadst not abjured thy ever faithful mother, as well as thy true God) thy dutiful heart would break on reflecting on the numerous tears thou hast cost me. Oh, son of affliction to me ! My tears are still my food, both day and night, whilst I, poor mother, must lament and bewail thy loss, not of earthly goods, but of thy eternal happiness, the condemnation of thy miserable soul. I weep with Rachel for

* In Germany, parents always make use of *thou* and *thee* when addressing their children.

Translator.

my child, and will not be comforted; because it seemeth to me that he is not.

“ But if all obedience to the fifth commandment, if all filial affection towards thy mother be not extinguished, by the erroneous doctrines which thou hast adopted; Ah! only listen to me while I address thee, my son, in this letter full of tears!—Oh son, whom I nourished! attend to me, that God may also attend to thee. I am thy mother, my son, thou art flesh of my flesh. From me thou hast experienced, as thy conscience must tell thee, all the maternal affection, which I promised to thee, and I must certainly seek and desire thy welfare, particularly in things which concern the eternal happiness and salvation of thy soul, which is the most important concern of Christians.

Accursed

Accursed be the mother who, either from a blind opinion, inconsiderate temerity, or the consideration of temporal advantages, would counsel her child to walk the path which leads to eternal destruction, and the hellish abyss of brimstone. Woe to such a mother!—She might, with perfect justice, be hated (according to the command of Christ, Luke xv. 26.) and never obeyed by any child.

“My conscience clears me from the suspicion of such a terrible conduct, and my heart gives testimony, that I am anxious to snatch my child from the claws of Satan, and lead him to my bleeding Jesus. And, moreover, thy mother entreats thee, dear son, to listen attentively to her, who is now throwing herself at thy feet with thousands of tears, and not to neglect the care which thou should'st take of thy eternal welfare.

" Do not despise me, my child, on account of the insinuations of thy seducers, that I am a weak woman, who is not able to judge of controversial points in religion. Thou knowest well, my dear child, that the infinite grace of God has caused me to embrace a religion, in which women are allowed, according to the custom of the primitive church, to inquire into the Holy Scriptures, and to seek for eternal life; and even are obliged to learn the mysteries of the faith, in order to gain everlasting salvation; for which faith St. Paul, in 2 Tim. i. 5, commends Lois and Eunice, the excellent mothers of the holy Timothy. Every just person, whether male or female, ought to live according to his faith. This I have always kept in my mind, and made the word of God the joy and desire of my heart. Thy own conscience will convince thee, that according to the true and
 Do I II infallible

infallible word of God, I have formed my judgment of thy new doctrine. Upon that word, against which even the gates of hell shall not prevail, is my judgment founded, and to that does it appeal; and I declare with a broken heart, Oh thou unhappiest of men! that thou hast suffered thyself to be seduced to a faith, which will yield thee nothing but condemnation, and the torments of hell. Our divines have already proved this on much more solid grounds, with much greater accuracy, and more fully. I am contented with such evidences, which my Christian soul can learn from its bible.

“ Can that be the true and saving religion, which shuns the holy bible, although that book is the only one in which we can learn the way to eternal salvation, John xx. 31; which violently condemns the bible as its decided ene-

my, and submits not in any thing to its authority, that its fallacioufness and deceptions may not be discovered by it; a religion which condemns the book which Jesus commanded all men to read, John v. 39, and forbids them to search into it, under the penalty of an eternal curse?—Oh accursed doctrine! The word which they have despised, shall judge them at the last day, according to the sentence pronounced by Christ, John xii. 48.

“ Can that be a holy and blessed doctrine, which disregards the only Mediator of our everlasting happiness?”

“ Must thou not confess this thyself, my poor misled child? Confess to me what thy eyes have seen, and thy ears have heard. What becomes of the cup in receiving the holy communion, which
our

our dying Jesus has so earnestly ordained and appointed?—Do not they scornfully deride that institution?—Do they not snatch it from the hands of the communicants, and consider it as perfectly unnecessary, in contempt of Jesus? It appears to me that the Holy Ghost has already pronounced judgment upon those doctrines! Whosoever shall take away from the words of the book of Jesus, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, Rev. xxii. 19.

“Hast thou not heard, that man must have lost his salvation, notwithstanding his good works; wherefore the anguish and blood of the tortured Jesus have been mightily slandered, as if they were not fully sufficient for the salvation of men; but my religion assures me, that we can be saved by the blood of Jesus alone, Acts iv. 12, and that

they who hope to save themselves by their works, will receive eternal damnation.

“Can that be a holy and blessed doctrine, which incites her children to encourage an unlimited idolatry, the invocation of saints, prostrations before pictures, when it is the evident declaration of God himself, that idolaters shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death, Rev. xxi. 8.

“Behold, wretched child!—For I must conclude, and pass over other atrocious errors in silence, because my tears prevent me from writing.—Thou hast assented, alas, to such accursed doctrines, whose end is condemnation; and such are the chains of hell, with which the Popish faith enslaves thee!

“Ah,

“ Ah, dear child, as the bible is dear to thee, as the blood of thy Jesus is dear to thee, as Jesus himself, who loved thee so ardently is dear to thee; free thyself from these fetters of the Devil, come forth from this Popish darkness, that thou mayest not be infected with its plagues.

“ I conjure thee by thy conscience, confess to me the truth, and the thoughts of thy heart, which will be hereafter disclosed to my omniscient Jesus. Is it not true, that earthly gain hath enticed thee to adopt this faith?—But despise all such promises; for what good could it do thee, if thou shouldst gain the whole world, and lose thy own soul? Dost thou think the greatest riches could be of use to thee, whilst I am obliged to curse thee on account of thy wickedness and abjuration of thy God? Dost thou

thou not know that a mother's curse is able to destroy the houses and fortunes of her children?

" We Protestants have a just God, who, if we put our trust in him, liberally rewards us; who also, when it is proper, will comfort the wretched, and fill the hungry with good things.

" My maternal heart stands also open to thee, my child, and is ready at any time to receive thee. Have pity then upon thy miserable soul, Oh thou child of my body, whom I have borne next my heart, with great pain, and carefully nourished. Have pity then on thy poor mother, whom thou wilt otherwise bring down to the grave with sorrow, and return again to the evangelic truth, that I may not only live with thee here, but also with thy blessed forefathers in eternal happiness with Jesus.

" On

“ On account of which circumstance I wish that my womb had been thy grave, that I might not behold thee in the gloom of hell !

“ Return, dear child, to God the heavenly father, by the holy and certain declaration of Christ, may forgive thee for the heavy crime which thou hast been guilty of, as well as the apostate Peter ; and that I, thy hitherto afflicted mother, may then have reason to cry out with joy :—‘ For my son was dead, and is alive again. Luke’ xv. 24.

“ Oh blessed day ! O joyful hour ! that shall announce thy return to me. I will therefore day and night implore the goodness of God, and do not doubt but God will hear my prayer and attend to my earnest tears ; for a woman cannot forget her child, so as not to have pity upon the son of her womb ? I will not forget

forget thee, my son, in all my prayers,
who art in danger of losing thy soul *.

“ I remain,

Thy most sincerely affection.

ate, but, on account of thy
dreadful apostacy, thy
sighing and bitterly
weeping mother.”

* In the —

17 **

I must also mention, that a short
time before the Prince's conversion to
the Roman Catholic religion, his uncle

* Being very far from approving of many opi-
nions discovered in this letter, I here beg the
reader to consider the person who wrote it. He
will undoubtedly pardon every harsh expression,
when he considers that she laboured under the er-
roneous idea that no one could be saved who was
not of her own persuasion, and that she was
obliged to make use of every thing in her power
to rescue her son.

Note, by Count O ***

died

died, and that he is now hereditary Prince of * * *.

I must now bring the reader once more to that period, when Lord Seymour found me again in his disguise as a shew-man.

Our common endeavours were made for a long while in vain, to learn something more of the Prince, than what we had discovered from Johnson's letters, which was but of little benefit, as the source was locked up from whence the information came. In every letter we received from him (for he knew at present of my being with his Lordship, and my intended plan of saving the Prince) he mentioned that the Prince became every day more thoughtful, and lived quite retired from the world. And that in spite of his endeavours he could not discover the Armenian's object.

That

That the completion of it was near, we easily guessed, and this made us so much the more anxious, for he conducted his operations so clandestinely, that nobody could either discover or conjecture his intention. The before-mentioned hieroglyphical letter was now understood by us more clearly than when we first obtained it, as the Prince was now a Roman Catholic, and stood at the foot of the throne; but the time when the contents of that letter could be fulfilled, was necessarily that, when he should become Regent of * * *, which could not be expected so soon. Besides this, we were fearful that all our presentiments were not well founded; and though there should be a plan of mischief forming, we could not yet know for a certainty whether the Prince, who ought to be the principal person in it, was willing to consent. This prevented us from taking a step which would inevitably

inevitably have produced bad consequences for the Prince, and which we agreed to delay until the danger was greater.—This period arrived but too soon.

One evening when it was very late Lord Seymour came to me. His countenance announced something extraordinary.

“Friend!” he exclaimed with astonishment, “I have news to communicate which you never would have imagined! The Prince has found his Greek Lady, his Theresa!”

“You joke,” I replied. “How is that possible, when she is dead, and Baron F* * himself has seen her dissected—How is that possible?”

This

This question you must ask the Armenian. In short she is alive, and every word of the Prince breathes happiness and ecstasy. I saw her come out from the convent—saw how he embraced her, and pressed her to his heart, and heard him in the greatest rapture call her by her name. In short she is alive, and I discovered it by the strangest accident.

I was wandering about, and my feet conducted me by the convent ***; The history of the Prince made this convent remarkable to me, and I never went by it without giving a free scope to my sensations.

I found the church open and went into it. A solemn tranquillity surrounded me, and my steps were gently echoed in the vaulted aisles. This
little

little circumstance made a still greater impression upon my imagination, and I found myself so unwell that I could not proceed.

A side door, which I never had observed, attracted my eye. I opened it, and discovered a stair-case which led into the vaults of the chapel. I went down and found myself in a spacious cell, surrounded by the dead mouldering in their coffins, and which was dimly illuminated by a lamp that was suspended in the middle of the arch by a chain.

Before I could recover my powers of recollection (for I must confess, that, natural as it was to find in such a situation a burial vault, I did not expect it when I stepped down) I heard behind me the rattling of a door, and the echo of some footsteps which seemed

to

to approach. I was afraid of being discovered, and detained for a thief. I retired into a corner where I could see every thing that passed, without being observed, if they did not search the whole vault, and which I did not fear. I had scarcely stood two minutes in the corner, when the door opened, and in came — the Armenian and the Prince. The first was dressed in a long white robe, thrown loosely over his body: there was a solemn but agreeable dignity, and confidential seriousness pictured in his face. He took from under his arm eight torches, and lighted them at the burning lamp. Each of them he moved towards the four walls, and bowed each time. One of them he gave to the Prince, and the other seven he placed around him in a circle. He kneeled in the circle, and then, for a long time, lay speechless and without motion upon his face. At last he arose,

arose, and spread out his hands over the burning torches. He drew from out his bosom a bottle in which was a liquid, which he dispersed towards the four corners of heaven, and uttered some words which I could not understand. In the mean time there was heard delightful music, which was at some distance, although it appeared to be near. It seemed to me to be a small organ. However, I must confess, that all these unexpected magical arrangements of the Armenian had a great effect upon my mind, and threw me into such a situation that I felt far more than I can describe.

The Armenian now drew from under his dress a small silver censor, upon which he put something that caused an agreeable odour through the vault.

That the whole was intended to raise some spirit, I expected at the first sight, and I was curious to know how he would

would succeed, as I did not perceive the least apparatus for his purpose. I must confess to you, dear Count, that I had determined, if it were possible, to interrupt the mountebank-tricks of this Armenian, and under that idea, I always carried about me a brace of pocket pistols. But it did not come to that. He put the censor upon the ground, fell again upon his face, and remained in that situation for some minutes. Having risen again, he repeated the same indistinct words which he had uttered before; and, after a pause, stretched his hand towards a new coffin, and let it fall slowly upon it. Suddenly the lid made a rattling noise, and fell to the ground. The Greek Lady instantly appeared. She was wrapped in white burial linen. Inexpressible serenity beamed in her countenance, and there was not the least appearance of her having been ill. The Prince let
fall

fall the torch, which till then he held immovable in his hand, rushed towards her, and clasped her with speechless ecstacy in his arms. I must confess that I was almost petrified by her appearance, and had nearly betrayed myself. This silent pause lasted for a long time, while the beloved pressed each other to their hearts, and an eager kiss renewed their bonds of attachment. They then uttered, with tender emotion, each other's name, and said—Now thou art mine again for ever!

The Armenian remained in his circle of torches, from which he had not removed, and delighted himself with the spectacle. He could not, however, conceal his joy at the success of his artifice, and I perceived it struggled with that solemn affected gravity which he sought to maintain.

"Let us not remain longer among the dead," said she, and led the Prince to the door.

"Are you now satisfied with me?" said the Armenian to the Prince, "And will you now willingly fulfil my wish?"

"All, all!" he exclaimed.

They went away, and I immediately crept out of my corner. It was lucky for me that they left the door open, otherwise perhaps you might never have seen me again.

The next morning very early—continued the Count O. * *, whilst I was lying musing in bed, I heard a knocking at my door, I threw some clothes carelessly over me; and ran to open it. The Armenian

came in, and gave me a letter directed to * * ; and, likewise a considerable sum of money, partly in notes, and partly in cash, desiring me at the same time to pursue my journey with the greatest dispatch.

“ If you arrive at the place appointed, expeditiously,” said he “ and deliver this letter into the hands of the proper person, your recompense will be great; but if you fail in the least particular, that may be serviceable in the commission, death is inevitably your lot, though you should hide yourself in any corner of the world.”

These were his last words, and he went away.

Had I been the person whom he thought me to be, his conduct could not have failed to accomplish his business,

ness, and I should have delivered the letter as he directed for my own interest. But he was scarcely gone, when I bolted the door, and opened the letter. It was written in the same hieroglyphical characters as the former, and without waiting to dress myself properly, I ran to communicate to Lord Seymour my acquisition. We both sat down to decypher it. The contents were as follows:

“ The Prince is turned Roman Catholic, and has now consented to every thing. His uncle is no more, and he stands at the next step to the throne. A hint from me, and he is elected. The appointed day for this is the * of April. Your’s must be killed the ** of April, and in the mean time the Prince must be proclaimed King by you. That he will agree to all your proposals

propofals and execute them, I once more assure you and answer for his word.

"The enemy from without, and the citizens are to attack proud Venice at the fame time. Surely it muft be conquered! Rejoice! From its ruins will blossom our happinefs, for which we have laboured fo many years. But the fruit tastes sweeter which we raife with difficulty, than that which requires no cares.

"The conspirators at Venice."

We stood and looked at one another, without being able to utter a word,

"The danger is now truly imminent," faid Lord Seymour, after a pause, "and we muft difcover all to the inquifition of the ftate, elfe we fhall be deemed equally culpable with thefe villains."

Before I could make any answer. Johnson rushed into the room.

From him we learned that the Prince, the Armenian, and also Biondello, had already been secured by the officers of the inquisition, and were in close confinement.

Our terror and astonishment, continued the Count * * were indescribable: we remained for a long time immovable in the situation in which this intelligence had thrown us; and we had a still longer time to stay before we could form any resolution of what we ought to do, not so much to free ourselves from danger, as to make the situation of the Prince more tolerable. As soon as they had, in some respect, learnt the dreadful plan which appeared so distinctly by the letter of the Armenian,—the thought that any offence against the

Rehablei

Reliable here, had already been so often severely punished, and that it had been the constant practice of these implacable judges to condemn him to death, who was only suspected to be dangerous to them, even should he have performed the greatest and most distinguished services to the state, struck us with the most dreadful apprehension. All my fortitude forsook me. Lord Seymour, who always in misfortunes retained a coolness of temper, sat mute, and the projecting Johnston kept his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. By the account which our faithful boatman gave us, we learnt that already several noblemen had been imprisoned, and many others had escaped. Our fear was now at the highest. No doubt now remained, that some person must have given them information; and every ray of hope, which confidence inspires, forsook us. Plans were formed and immediately given up, on account of their

inconsistency. Johnson took no part in them, but went away without saying a word of what was his intention; and before we had time to interrogate him why he would leave us, he was out of sight. He returned after he had been absent several hours: our door was suddenly opened, and a frightful officer of the inquisition entered. How the mind of a guilty person must sink at the sight of such a man, I could easily judge by my own fears, which in spite of my innocence almost overpowered me. I nevertheless recovered myself soon, to which the cool behaviour of Lord Seymour contributed in a great measure.

“An open confession of truth, and intrepidity,” said he to me in a whisper, “are useful upon all occasions, and I hope will conduct us safely through this business.”

After

After the officer had looked at us for some minutes, he told us coolly what was his commission; and that we must follow him to the tribunal. This was said without circumlocution, and we endeavoured to determine with ourselves what could be the meaning of this exercise of their power against us. Without a single word being spoken, we arrived at the place of our destination, when we were immediately separated from each other. The room into which they conducted me, excepting the fortifications to prevent the escape of any person, had not the appearance of a prison. Every accommodation was contained in the apartments, and this circumstance served to lessen my fear. That we were confined here on account of the Prince was very evident; but how they had discovered us in our retirement was a matter still to be accounted for. Already several hours had passed, in which

I puzzled my brain to find out by what possible means this accident could have happened, when I was summoned to the audience. They looked at me with stern countenances, and required of me the history of my residence in Venice, and exhorted me with calmness to speak the truth faithfully; for they said it would be better for me so to do, as they knew already every thing without my telling it, and that I must not think I could utter a single falshood undetected. When I had finished my history, in which I concealed not the smallest circumstance, and after I had attested every part, the countenances of the inquisitors seemed to relax. My examination was then read to me, and after I had confirmed every thing therein, I was re-committed to prison.

For several days they confined me under this arrest, during which time,
contrary

contrary to my expectations they permitted me to amuse myself with reading. After the expiration of a week they announced to me my freedom with the condition, that I should continue still at Venice, that I might if required, undergo another examination.—The circumstances under which Lord Seymour and myself, had been committed were so singular, that I had no doubt, although I had not seen him, but that he would obtain again his liberty,—and I was right, he met me at the door, and we returned arm in arm to our own habitation. Johnson came to us and our joy at meeting, notwithstanding our short separation, was as great as if we had not seen each other for some years. The pleasure of having regained our liberty was so sensibly felt by us, that we forgot the Prince and every thing else, and gave ourselves up entirely to excessive joy.—Till then I had always thought that the welfare of

16

the

the Prince had lain nearer to my heart than my own, but I found that I had deceived myself; for otherwise how could I have become so totally taken up with the first impulse of my joy, when I knew not the least circumstance of his situation? but I will do my heart the justice to say that I should not so easily have given myself up to the natural impulse of my feelings, had I not been full of hope for his safety. All that I had hitherto heard concerning the police of this place, was descriptive of cruelty, or, if this word should seem too harsh, of the greatest injustice, inasmuch as they did not sufficiently distinguish between the innocent and guilty, and maintained the horrid maxim, that it was better that many innocent people should suffer than that one guilty person should escape.—They conducted themselves however towards me in a way so different from my ideas of their clemency, that it was

not

not wonderful I should indulge some hope for the Prince, and prefer my own experience to what I had formerly heard, and of which I knew nothing, although my passions persuaded me to believe. I had, besides, without departing from the truth, spoken so much in favour of the Prince, that I did not doubt but it would excite compassion in them for so exalted a character. Nor could it reasonably be thought that they would be so foolish, as to depart in this instance from their general rules, and execute justice with rigour particularly as, not being a Venetian Nobleman, his removal would secure the possibility of future danger to them.

After the first emotions were over, we asked Johnson if he had not been in fear for us when he learnt our misfortune?

“ Not

“Not in the least” said he, smiling, and then he gave us to understand to our great astonishment, that he had been the cause of our being brought before the tribunal.—

“You!” interrupted Lord Seymour angrily, “I am very anxious to know the grounds of this singular proceeding.—It was very evident by reason of your anger you did not perhaps perceive it. Do you think that the inquisition would not have come in search of you? must not the letter from the Armenian, and all the papers found upon the Prince have betrayed you?”

“But it is fortunate that it did not happen.—I must add, that I see no excuse for so extraordinary an undertaking, when you could not foresee the good that was to arise from it.”

“That

“ That (I will affirm with the greatest truth) I could always foresee, and, besides, had it come to the worst, the evil never could have been so great, as if we had suffered it to be discovered. They will also be more satisfied, if they come at the truth by our examination, than if they suspected we had kept back from making these important discoveries to the state till we were obliged to do it. — And in what an advantageous light will the unfortunate circumstances of the best of Princes be looked upon by such means, and how greatly must our free confession contribute to our excuse, which discovering itself in a multitude of circumstances can not have a different effect? It certainly must dispose them to believe our word in future, when they have found that all our assertions have been so exactly conformable to the truth.”

Upon this ground I thought my plan
 “ You

“ You have calculated upon the future very justly, and I will spare my reproaches : but as you kept up this manœuvre so well, you should at least have given us some intimation of your design ; for I must certainly confess (you will excuse me) that you took a great liberty in acting in this manner ; and that it was very dangerous to put us so suddenly and unexpectedly into a situation which we could not possibly foresee.” — “ As you speak so candidly, I shall not longer oppose you ; but we should have been equally unprovided for the examination, if we had been apprehended. If you recollect, I remarked, a little time before I went out, that in case we should be brought before the tribunal, it would be better for us to adhere faithfully to the truth : And could you desire any further preparation ? Can any danger attend speaking the truth ? Upon this ground I formed my plan, and

and feigned your consent, because it must end well.—But the principal ground that I went upon, was not to lose any time, for I was instructed early in the morning in what I ought to undertake. This accident would have certainly happened, if we had deliberated any longer, and therefore I thought it most prudent and wise to act as I did.”

“Pity,” said Lord Seymour, laughing, “that your scheme is not published; it might serve to deprive many an undertaking of its consequences.” This observation which he joined with some friendly jokes, changed our tone suddenly and unexpectedly to a greater degree of happiness; and we delivered ourselves up to the felicity of the present moment, without prying the least into futurity, and without being willing to withdraw the veil which so completely obscured it. How many more happy
hours

hours would mankind enjoy if they could always do so.

"But had we not better dress ourselves in our own clothes," said Johnson, "at last?"

I thought it was better to dress again in our proper habits, because if any of the conspirators still remained here, we should be in less danger of being assassinated by them. We concluded upon this to be the wisest plan, and the Lord and Johnson went out immediately to take measures accordingly. They had not been gone above an hour, when a stranger came to me, and, in broken Latin, excused the liberty he was taking. I was surprised that he did not make an attempt to find whether I understood the Venetian language. I could not help suspecting that he already knew me, and was acquainted, that, in the part I had undertaken,

undertaken, I had studiously avoided the appearance of understanding the Venetian tongue. And so it was. I learnt soon after he had entreated me not to keep any secret from him, that he was the keeper of the prison of the inquisition of the state, and that the Armenian had sent him with a letter to me for the ^{first}, which he requested me with earnest entreaty to deliver immediately. He gave me at the same time every advice, by which I could make my escape, without creating suspicion. Men, he said, did not always escape so well as I had done, after having been cited before the tribunal; and he tried by every assiduous art to make me hasten my departure. I promised every thing, and ordered him to tell the Armenian that it was not in the least my fault, but owing to indisposition that I did not immediately set out, after the receipt of his last letter. As soon as he was gone
I opened

I opened the letter, and found in hieroglyphics the following account.

“If immediate assistance does not arrive, all is lost.—I, the Prince, and many other conspirators are in prison.—It always appeared to me that this event would take place, and therefore I had before-hand guarded against it : so that nothing can happen of consequence, and no loss will be incurred, if our foreign friends are not too tardy. We have long agreed that the information we shall give in this place shall be exactly similar, and it will not be difficult for us to delay the examination for some time longer. While I myself was at the head of this state, and many high offices were then in my possession, I took care to leave the prison in such a state, that we could easily make our escape ; and I still possess many friends who will enable us to regain our liberty, as soon as

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it shall appear that our coadjutors are as brave as usual.—To the Count * * and * * I have already written, and there is no doubt but that all will go on as much to our wishes as before, although they thought themselves so sure of us after they had taken us into custody. The bearer of this letter has also been before the tribunal, and has been examined, and was fortunately acquitted, a proof that these gentlemen are not so wise as they would willingly think themselves; and that they will become the sport of me and my confederates.—Every thing else remains as before.

“The chief of the Venetian conspirators.”

I and my companions were equally astonished at the contents of this letter, which I shewed them upon their return, and particularly at the style in which it
was

was written, and at the new base plot which was already so artificially planned and confided in. We were unanimously of opinion that this letter ought to be delivered to the inquisition, but we were not determined which of us could undertake this with the greatest propriety, without exciting the suspicions of the Armenian's coadjutors. Johnson charged himself with this commission, and immediately went out with the letter, under the supposition (as he had been formerly inspector of the Prince's finances) of having something of consequence to communicate. He was immediately admitted—They were astonished at the contents of this letter, and as much so at the possibility of so noted a prison as that of the inquisition being thus faulty. They returned me (together with a snuff box set with brilliants, which Johnson brought me back) their sincere thanks for the information

mation, which I had by this means given to the state. It happened as I suspected, after they had removed the prisoners to other convenient and secure places, they immediately examined the prison, and they found actually, iron crow's, scaling ladders, files, and such like tools, without which it would have been impossible to have made an escape from so strong a place. The greater part of them lay hid in the walls, so that they could not possibly have been found without some previous knowledge of them. They also fortunately intercepted the letters to * * dr. Neither the Armenian nor any of his confederates knew any thing before-hand of this circumstance. They contrived so that they should be totally ignorant of this new scheme, intending by this means perhaps to entangle the conspirators the more strongly in their net; and they entreated me to depart from Venice in
my

my Jewish dress, and also to assume the appearance of being willing to deliver the letter which was entrusted to my charge. But neither by this means, nor the innumerable spies which were always at the service of the state, could they discover a single conspirator, excepting those they were already acquainted with. Some whom the spies accused falsely for the sake of money, and who were afterwards happily cleared, cannot be justly reckoned in the number. I remained no longer absent from Venice, than was necessary to put myself into a condition to appear again in the character of the Count O. My sudden re-appearance excited great astonishment: they would scarcely believe their eyes, and I had enough to do to invent a probable history which would account for my sudden departure and reported death. They credited my assertions (in a period so full of mysteries, in which they

they were every where taught to expect wonders from those who stood in any manner connected with the Prince) very readily believed, or at least pretended to believe me, which was quite sufficient for my purpose, because they no longer made inquiries after me, which I had endeavoured all along to prevent, by assuming a mysterious air. Lord Seymour had also now reassumed his former character, and for appearance sake, had taken Johnson into his service. And now all the suspected people belonging to the Prince were at liberty; and it excited no astonishment to see me with Lord Seymour, being an old acquaintance of his, and they even saw me take lodgings in the same hotel with him. Here we were all assembled together again, and this with the wish and consent of the inquisition, not to give them any cause of suspicion, and that they might know immediately where to find us. The pre-

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caution with which we proceeded, may appear to some people unnecessary, because we never heard the least report of the Armenian having accomplices remaining, that could in the least interrupt our plans. I for my part employed my time in endeavouring to obtain an interview with the Prince, but this the scrupulous inquisition constantly refused, although they conducted themselves towards me with so much complaisance; and it was with great difficulty that I could learn thus much from them, viz. that his present situation was not insupportable, and that they treated him with greater consideration than so capital a crime deserved.

With this I was obliged to content myself, and that the time of our waiting for the event of this important affair might appear as short as possible, we frequented every public place of amuse-
ment.

ment in the city. The best of these was what they call *Basini**, in which that reserved conduct and cold behaviour were less observable, which always banished every sociable friendship from the society of the Venetians.

One evening I was present at one of these *Basini*: and there was also an officer in a uniform at the same place.—The history of this colonel and his companions came into my mind, and I

* These *Basini* were either private *Basini*, held in small houses, where the principal Venetians spent their time in private meditation, or in the society of particular friends, or oftentimes they were a kind of club, of which the following is the account.—“Whoever wished to have admission here, must be first introduced by a member, and then he could return as often as he pleased. These meetings, therefore, were not altogether public, as we might be led to suppose from the Count O’s account of them.”

could not help suspecting that it was the same person who would have murdered the Prince by means of his footman. I was not mistaken—it was indeed the colonel himself. I heard his name by accident. I could with difficulty hide my terror, in spite of all the good I had formerly heard of the colonel. I was in this case obliged to believe the evidence of the footman, and I concluded that perhaps out of an ill-judged zeal for his court, he had consented that the murder of the Prince should be perpetrated. I immediately left the room, and went in quest of Lord Seymour, to whom I communicated my discovery.

“Is the colonel there now?” said he, interrupting me—

“Very likely,” said I, “for when I left the room he was deeply engaged at the gaming-table.”

“Let

“ Let us then return to him.” You surely joke ; for how can I expect any good from him, since I am a friend of that Prince whom he would have murdered ? Do you not rather think that he has put himself in the way of me because he has some design upon me ? or do you not really believe that the colonel at the request of the court would have ordered the Prince to be murdered ?”

“ And why do you ask me ? have you not seen Johnson’s letter, in which it is so clearly proved ?”

“ Johnson only related what he had heard from the footman, a man of very shallow judgment, who might easily be deceived, provided the sly Armenian wished to use him as a snare to entrap the Prince. But that I may not have more objections to encounter, I

will readily concede to your opinion, that this colonel has really fought after the life of the Prince, nay even more, that he has dangerous views upon yourself, and yet I will entreat you to go with me. We shall hazard nothing by this means, for we can easily remain at the Basini till day, and there we shall be safe enough, even if your suspicions are well founded, and you will learn also if he is an honest man, how to despise the wicked, and will moreover be freed from a vain fear. Who knows, but we may gain from him information, which may be of the greatest service to us!—I was ashamed of my childish fears, and consented to go with him.—As soon as he had an opportunity he began a conversation with the colonel, which I overheard at a distance, and they soon became so well pleased with each other that the colonel promised Lord Seymour to breakfast with him the next morning

morning, which circumstance was highly gratifying to me, as I hoped the business would be then entirely explained.—The whole company seemed to be well disposed to pleasure, and pursued every thing that was agreeable or entertaining. They joked, laughed and sometimes entertained themselves with play, according to the taste of each individual.—The morning star had risen before we consented to return home. The colonel pleased with the former invitation of Seymour, agreed to go home with him immediately, and we took him in the coach between us.—

“This then is your lodging” said he, as we stopped opposite to our apartment. “Now this is lucky for me; for I can at the same time pay a visit which I was willing to have made this day, but could not find my man.”

“ May I ask,” enquired Seymour,
“ who this person is.”

“ The Count O.”

Lord Seymour gave me a side look,
which I returned significantly.

“ Do you know Count O?” said
Seymour, after a pause; “you and
I will visit him to become acquaint-
ed with him—and I hope your visit will
be by no means unpleasant, as at first I
feared it might be.”

“ I cannot tell you how the affair
hangs, and (you will excuse me) were
I not an open hearted German grown
grey in the midst of gaiety, where one
learns to hate dissimulation; as you are
desirous of procuring a secret from me,
I would invent a tale to deceive you,
and then laugh at you behind your
back.”

The

The open conduct of the colonel, brought him more and more into my favour, particularly as he did not take the least pains to conceal any thing. Johnson now came to us and opened the door.—The colonel awoke as from a dream.—He asked Seymour his name, and, as soon as he had heard it, stepped back a few steps, and stood with folded arms in astonishment.—

“ Seymour !” he exclaimed, are you Lord Seymour.”—Have I not out of pure civility committed a stupid blunder, in not having long ago. asked your name ? and am I really with you ? and even going to breakfast with you ? Surely you will not make me go mad. And you (addressing himself to me) perhaps you are Count O* himself.”

“The same, at your service”—he took my hand, and shook it very heartily.—

“I rejoice from my heart,” said he, “to see you; and am truly glad to become acquainted with you.”

Every remaining distrust which I entertained was removed, so soon as I learnt from him that he had been here only a few days, and that it was the first time he had ever been in Venice; and this he proved by many incontestible evidences. It was also evident, that Lord Seymour had judged rightly; and that the appearance of this colonel, with the Prince's footman, must have been an invention of the Armenian; for the colonel was confined at the very same time by a severe illness.—We became more and more communicative to each other, and this was not wonderful; for besides every other consideration which could

could induce us to become so, a mutual interest drew us together, as we both hoped to clear up every thing relating to the Prince, concerning whom we now began to converse. What I was able to tell the colonel respecting the Prince, the reader already knows from the foregoing part of this history: and for the better elucidation of this matter, I will relate in regular order whatever he informed me of, that respected the history of the Prince.

“ You have, perhaps,” said the Colonel, addressing himself to me, “ heard from the Prince himself, what a good understanding subsists between the present Regent of * * * and myself.—And I must say, I cannot conceive how the Prince should take affront at a letter (which, I will believe, might contain some harsh expressions) and suffer himself to be totally separated from him for
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such a trifle. Would it not have been better to have endeavoured to refute the false calumniation, which appeared at last to be too well founded? Good God! perhaps by that means all these misfortunes might have been prevented. But instead of this, he returned so harsh an answer to the good man, that it forced tears from his eyes. I must tell you, that he converses with me in the most friendly manner. What could be more likely than that an irreconcilable rupture should happen between them? Neither of them would concede, so long as each person thought himself in the right, and to be the injured party. And yet my master would, in all probability, have condescended so far as to request the Prince to justify himself, had it not been for the shameful interposition of some men, whose interest it evidently was, to prevent this reconciliation.— You must not think that the bad reports
 which

which you heard concerning the regent were altogether true. He is really a good man, although no philosopher, nor will he even purchase the title of a great man, by shedding human blood; and hence it happens, that many people call him a fool; but they only shew their own weakness*."

"But (I interrupted him) have you not learnt by chance, who it is that has calumniated the Prince at his court?—"

"The accounts came from different places, and agreed so exactly with each

* We easily perceive here the character of a friend; but nevertheless we must not altogether reject the whole of his account.—The truth commonly lays between extremes; and that the reader might not be deceived by the former account, and might judge for himself, I have set down every thing that related to the Regent.

other,

other, that they would have almost made us believe impossibilities. The first account was given by the President **, who had a correspondent in Venice, that communicated every thing to him ; but the principal account was from the Baron F **, who had always been so warm a friend of the Prince's, that one would rather have expected him to have written in his favour than against him."

"I would risque all my happiness for a nut-shell," I exclaimed, "if the Count F ** ever wrote a word to the court prejudicial to his master ; yea, rather—"

"We now know, with certainty," said he, interrupting me hastily, "that all was treachery ; but how could it be known at that time.—The shameful and infamous plot is now unfolded, and I am come here to have the whole discovered,

discovered, and to imprison, all the other conspirators."

"Have you then," exclaimed Lord Seymour and myself, at the same instant, "have you then been able to discover this secret conspiracy, which the very watchful, and vigilant state-inquisition could not effect?"

"The President **, whom I have already mentioned, was also in the plot, and had been the cause of all the changes which took place among us:—A terrible fall from his horse, brought him to death's door.—All the physicians gave him over—But his accusing conscience, which continued to torment him, did not permit him to die in peace. For some time he laid in the greatest agony, sweating as it were drops of blood. At last he desired to speak in private with **, because he had

had some information of the greatest importance to communicate to him; and we learnt with horror, that he had put to death the hereditary Prince, and the uncle of the present Prince, by means of poison, which he had procured from Venice; and that a similar fate was likewise to have befallen ***. Death, certainly the most terrible that ever fell to the lot of a man, prevented his discovering every thing.—He had burnt his papers before hand, and it was with difficulty that he could name to us the principal actors of the conspiracy in this place. Only the Count ** and myself knew any thing of this affair, and I have travelled day and night to arrive as soon as possible.

“The inquisition were astonished at my account, and you well know the rapidity with which they act.—Yesterday I learnt from them, under the strongest injunctions

injunctions of secrecy, what you, Lord Seymour and a Mr. Johnson had done for the Prince, and this induced me to seek you immediately, to become acquainted with you, and I hoped also to become your friend ; but the servant told me you were not at home.”—Johnson now came from a side room, in which he could overhear all our conversation, and a scene followed, the remembrance of which, will ever be dear to me, and in which the amiable character of the colonel, became more and more conspicuous.—But the more interesting it might be to us, the less, perhaps, would the reader gain by the description ; and I shall, therefore omit it, as it does not regularly belong to the history.

—By means of the colonel, who had received unlimited power from the court, to act in this business, relating to the Prince, according to his best judgment, we obtained access to him. He viewed me with a smile full of grief,
and

and shook my hand in a sorrowful manner. "You come not, my dear Count, I hope to reproach me?" said he to me, after a short pause, during which I endeavoured to summon up all my resolution.

"Gracious Prince, said I, can you conceive this of me? I wish to God I had not found you in this situation, and I would give my life, if it could undo every thing. But I believe this was ordered in the councils of eternal Providence, which often permits evil to happen, that good may arise out of it; and you have at least my compassion, although I can give you no other assistance."

"I thank you; you pour sweet balm into my wounded mind: but alas! I must not accept even this compassion. Illustrious nobleman, whose goodness, I have too little known, I deserve not the compassion

compassion of any man, and least of all from you. Yes, that would be too much for a sinner of my description. I know how readily men excuse themselves, but I cannot do it, and you will therefore conclude, whether it is possible another should.—Let me confess to you, that the chain of sins, which I have committed, almost distract me.”

“But were you not driven to the commission of them all, by irresistible artifice? Oh! I know the whole of the transaction; I know more even than you do; and here I will declare before the all-wise God, that you have resisted every thing, like a man; that you did not suffer yourself to be easily overcome; and that hundreds in your place would have yielded long ago.

“But I, however, sunk at last, and so deep!—Was this necessary? Had I not
the

the power to withstand it? Ah! I know I had; for what would be virtue, if it had not the power to combat the charms of vice? And what would be man if you should take from him his free agency? Could we shun vice, and adhere to virtue, if we were forced by circumstances, to act as mere machines. No, my dear Count, I had rather perish under the weight of all my unworthiness, than ascribe to God the cruelty, that he can create men like an artificer, who from the same metal makes instruments for the benefit of mankind, and for their destruction."

"That I will not say, but Oh! Prince! I feel the narrow limits of my reason, and can offer you no farther comfort, than what our religion affords, "God is loving and merciful." But he is just in the same degree, without
which

which he would be deficient in his greatest attribute, perfection. How well it is for you, then, that you did not willingly commit these errors, nor until you became, as it were, intoxicated with zeal!"

"I have answered that argument before—That does not excuse me. I disregarded my true friends, and suffered them to be murdered in cold blood."

"But you did not consent to it, till you thought you were convinced, that they were traitors, and had betrayed you."

"I consented to it, however. Invent no more excuses for me, dear Count, for those crimes will totally destroy my comforts."

"Will you then pertinaciously reject every comfort, that your friend or your religion can offer?"

"That

“ That I will not ; but must not the remembrance of my disgrace, for ever follow me ? Must it not pursue me to eternity, and even there make me wretched ? Can I drive from my memory my past conduct ? Can God forgive me ? Alas, my dear friend ! All consolation is lost—every hope gone ! An arm, which has once been broken, retains the effect of the fracture for ever.”

“ But, notwithstanding it afterwards performs its services, and the possessor very often forgets, that it has been injured.—Believe me, upon my word, you may be happy again, if you choose. Shall I remind you of those eminent, consoling words in the holy scripture :—
‘ There is more joy in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance.’

The

The Prince meditated, but his countenance lost its fearful expression. His eyes were fixed, and darted wildly a look of despair, but with a mixture of composure that denoted hope.—I thought proper to leave him alone.

That the reader may comprehend in the most adequate point of view, the situation of this unhappy man, I have put down the whole dialogue.

—Oh, reader, bestow on him thy compassion, who feels thy reproaches, which will be a benefit to the heart. Do not triumph that thou hast not yet been seduced:—Let his errors teach thee, that the smallest step from the path of virtue, is the beginning of the greatest crime.

At my next visit, I found the Prince, to my great happiness, more composed than

than when I saw him the last time. Before him the New Testament was laying open, which I had procured him at his desire.—

“Now,” said he, “I understand many things, which before were dark to me. What a benefit is our religion! It has again elevated my soul, which was cast down by so many heavy burdens, to the highest pitch of gladness. To that alone, I am indebted for not falling a sacrifice to the most horrid despair.—Now the hope again revives, that God will forgive me for the sake of his Son, who sacrificed himself for me.”

He seemed to have renounced every thing in this world and his whole occupation was, to prepare himself for futurity; religion was his only thought.—

He

" And have you no other wish, the fulfilling of which, might make you happy?" I asked him at last.—

He continued thoughtful for some time.

" If it were possible,—said he,—I could wish to understand entirely the texture of the deceptions and malice through which I became so unfortunate. Nobody can give me a key to it but the Armenian and they will refuse my seeing him. I should also chuse to die in my native country, and to speak, were it only one word, to the *** and to ask his pardon—dear Count, you see, my wishes go too far, I renounce them."

I promised him to do all in my power to fulfil his request, and hastened immediately to the colonel.

Happily he met me in the room:

"Behold," said he, "a new proof how nobly my master the *** thinks, and how much is to be hoped from him for the Prince. This moment I received the following letter from him."—He gave it to me, and I read it.

"My dearest Colonel."

"MY situation at your departure did not permit me to give you other than common charges, in respect to the Prince. —There is no mistrust in your mind, nor deceit in your heart, to prevent my making you acquainted with my inclination very distinctly, and not to leave every further proceeding to your prudence; I am confident that you will endeavour to fulfil in every particular on account of your love of justice, and your hatred to wickedness, all that can alleviate the distresses of our unhappy Prince. Know then, that I forgive
him

him every thing from my heart, release him from every punishment, and even wish that he may become my successor."

"It is on this side that we ought to contemplate him."

"My heart dictates it to me when I consider that he did not act in that way willingly, but was urged to it, by unheard of deception and villainy. I wait for your objections."

"It is understood, that all this can happen only as soon as he shall have reformed himself entirely, and I hope this will be effected by his manifold sufferings: the whirlpool of misfortunes, and accumulated miseries into which he was thrown; it must have opened his eyes, and purified his soul."

“Should my wishes, however, not agree with the consequences, I can do nothing more, than forgive him on account of myself, yet I do not expect that all must be kept secret from him, that my proffered forgiveness may not put a stop to his conversion.

“If I should die before I have an opportunity to relate to him all myself, you may shew him this letter.

“The whole history shall be made known in Venice, according to my wish, and the punishment of the criminals. As soon as the Prince is dismissed as an evidence, you may come secretly hither with him. That all this may not give trouble, I have written a letter to the tribunal, which you only must deliver.

“Here,

“ Here,—nobody knows any thing of the fearful history; and you will, therefore, contrive as much as possible, to assist the prevailing secrecy.

“ My old malady has again attacked me, which sorrow has not a little contributed to increase, and my writing and broken sentences will shew this distinctly—I believe my end is not far off, and I wish once more to speak to the Prince. Let this induce you not to be detained by any circumstance that is not of real consequence from hastening your departure.

“ Is it not true that he is a most noble man?” exclaimed the colonel, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. “ See, how he gave himself the trouble, on his sick bed, whence it must

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have

have been very difficult for him to collect or connect his thoughts, to write to me this letter for the welfare of the Prince, who in the mean time—well let us forget that, for he was also formerly a good man.”

During that time the Count hastily took his hat and sword, and wished to deliver the letter. I made him acquainted with his desire to speak with the inquisitors, and he hastened away.

The letter and his representations had such an effect, that the following day the Armenian was conducted to the Prince, who surveyed him with composure. No look of revenge disfigured his eye—no reproach escaped his lips. What a difference between him and the Armenian, who now seemed to call up all his powers, to hide his embarrassment, which for the first time in his life perhaps did not support him.

“ Prince,”

"Prince," he began,—“You see my embarrassment, which (for what reason I know not), I am not able to conceal. Have you commanded me to be brought hither, to delight yourself with my sufferings. I swear to you, you shall behold me no more, although my body is so much enfeebled by imprisonment, that I am now unable to command it according to my desires. Or, do you wish for the happiness,” whilst he looked around the room, “to see me murdered before your eyes? Oh! I shall not die like a coward, for to me life is but a vapour—I feared nobody, and my death shall not cost me a sigh.”—

“You wrong yourself,” answered the Prince, with sorrow, “by such an idea. I forgive from my heart all that you have done to me; I forgive with joy that you made me unhappy, if you can be benefited by that?”

“Can you forgive me? I know not why this thought so much delights me. But what do you desire of me?”

“An explanation of what has happened to me.”

“No, that cannot be.—Oh, Prince, I acknowledge your compassion, which I do not deserve. It affects me more than the most excruciating torments. Now I contemplate myself as a monster. But to what purpose? I see that I am overpowered, and my schemes are at an end. Is this the case with all my confederates? You wish for an explanation?”

“Hear then my history, without which nothing can be understood by you. I will deliver it to you faithfully; for at present it is impossible for me to lose any thing by it. You cannot think otherwise

otherwise than that I am one of the greatest villains, and my narration will tell you the same. If I believe that I am such a one—Prince, this we shall entirely lay aside. Sometimes I think so,—sometimes not.

“This short dialogue will convince you, that the *leaden roofs* alone have produced in me a feebleness which I can bear no longer; the former strength of my principles are certainly not fitted for a deficiency of intellect. You must ascribe it to that if in my narration I should make a mistake.”

My hand shakes whilst I write down his history, which is nothing more than a chain of the most wicked deeds. Had I not heard it from himself, I should doubt whether a man could be able to act thus, and could destroy without remorse the last blossom of repentance.

HISTORY OF THE ARMENIAN.

Related by himself.

MY father, began the Armenian, was a senator in this city, which once trembled at my word, but now rejoices that it need no longer fear me, like the child, who is pleased to see the wall beaten, against which it hurt itself. He had conducted himself in many honorable situations, with prudence and judgment. On account of these qualities, which he knew how to make the best use of, and his great experience, he was invested with the office of ambassador at Rome.

His young consort, who loved him with the warmest affection, accompanied him thither, and presented him a few

few weeks after their arrival there, with a son—this was me. The excessive joy of my father was but of short duration—my mother gave me life, but to lose her own by it, for she died a few days after her delivery.

Doctor Silvio, who had attended my mother during her pregnancy, and by his indefatigable care had acquired the confidence of my father in the highest degree, from this moment took charge of me. He consigned me to the care of his wife, who had been a little time before brought to bed of a daughter, and promised, with the greatest pleasure, to fulfil all the duties of a mother towards me. In the strictest sense of the words she did not fulfil her promises, for she spoiled me, and never in the smallest degree observed what propensities I discovered, and how they ought to be directed.

The Doctor believed also that he had done his duty when he prescribed a dose for me from time to time ; and as for my vicious tricks, (which are usually called the early blossoms of a more than ordinary genius), nobody ever thought about them. Hence it happened that my disposition, not confined by any curb, very soon took a bent which no restraint was able to controul.

Before I could pronounce my father's name, he was recalled from his embassy. It was his desire that I might (before I should know him) be educated here at a distance from Venice, and be drawn from my obscurity, when I was formed as he intended me to be.

He thought to procure me by that means great advantages over other children of our nobility, who were in general most wretchedly educated.

Every

Every thing was made use of, both to form my mind and body. I comprehended every lesson easily, and very seldom forgot it again; I possessed judgment and memory in a very extraordinary degree. Every science, art, or exercise, which they taught me, soon became mere play to me, and I very often embarrassed my teachers with questions and objections. I was every where celebrated as a wonderful child, and the papers very often extolled me and my bon-mots. ~ This was carried so far, that foreigners of the greatest note frequently came to see me, or sent for me to their houses. By the extravagant presents which they made me, the Doctor whom I shall call father, as I thought, him so till a future period) became very soon one of the richest of his profession. I hope not to incur the odium of gasconading. The idea is intolerable to me. No, I have facts enough,
which

which would seem incredible, if they had not been transacted before witnesses. And what should I gain by it? Must not even my extraordinary talents be an additional incitement to every one who does not profess my principles, to condemn me? Will not every one who conceives that a great gulph is placed between himself and me, say, that the opinion and use which I made of my extraordinary talents, render me the greatest monster, with which the earth was ever cursed in the form of a human being? Am I not to be detested for abusing talents, which if otherwise used, might have blessed mankind a thousand fold, and which employed so basely, became its curse!

Prince, I am not able to conceal my sensations—for what cause I know not. I always had fortitude enough, but now it ceases. It is as if all my confidence

were deserting me, and I was on the point of cursing the hour in which I was born! Do you shudder at the idea?—Remember, that I do not repent of any of my actions, although they may be the cause why I shall not breathe out my last sigh upon a downy pillow. But yet, not to give any pain to your reconverted heart, I sometimes shall play the character of a repenting sinner. I tell you this before hand, that you may not take it for earnest, and utter before the proper time, some pious sighs over the lost but recovered sheep *—But to con-

* These words were accompanied with a burst of laughter, that even now the thought of it makes my hair to stand erect. His countenance was indescribably frightful. At that moment I was doubtful whether he was really a human being, for what must he be who could consider repentance of actions (for which Satan himself could not blush) as disgraceful; and when it oppressed him with violence, seek to conceal it before us by the most shameful duplicity.

*Note of Count O ***.*

time

tinue. My external form corresponded with my mind; whoever beheld me, careſſed and admired me, and my father would have been aſhamed to chaſtiſe ſuch an univerſal darling, if I had ever been ſo incautious as to ſuffer myſelf to be ſurpriſed in the execution of an unpardonable trick. I ſoon conſidered every encomium as a tribute which was due to me. If I took a diſlike to any one, it laſted much longer than the hatred of children generally does; and if any one ventured to blame me, woe be to him! for I never reſted till I re- venged myſelf. One incident may be recorded here as an example of the reſt, and will give you an idea of what I was in my ſeventh year.

My father had a very ſincere friend named Cabellioni. He viſited us almoſt every day, and notwithſtanding his continual gravity, he was eſteemed by

by the whole family, because he was universally believed to be a man of principle and integrity. I alone was perfectly indifferent about him, till the period when I hated him from my soul.

I was playing at cards with some other boys; and being already too much accustomed to have the advantage, I was angry that fortune did not that evening use me very politely. I endeavoured to gain that which she denied me by unfair means, and such as were far beyond my years. My companions, who were all much older than myself, did not perceive it; however I had a lecture for my unfair dealing, for Signor Cabellioni, without my perceiving it, slipped himself behind my chair, and was observing me. As much as I was enraged at his reprimand, I yet knew how to hide my vexation under a smiling countenance, and had presence
of

of mind enough to profess that my tricks were merely a trial, to see how far I could go on with them, before my play-fellows discovered them. Cabellioni shook his head thoughtfully, and this very circumstance enraged me so much the more against him, because it was a proof that he did not believe my excuses; I was obliged to wait several days before I could be revenged.

Behind our house there was a small garden, and a very elegant summer house. A party of my father's friends were drinking chocolate in it. Cabellioni was leaning with his back against a window, which was very low. With the greatest ease, I got up to it on the outside, and fastened to his large perriwig a piece of pack-thread, to which also was affixed a heavy stone. This I laid upon the window frame in such a manner, that the slightest movement Cabellioni

bellioni made, must throw it down, and consequently carry away the wig with it.

Scarcely had I very gravely seated myself in my place when this happened, while the company broke out into a laugh, at the ridiculous appearance the astonished Cabellioni made, I ran out to unfasten the wig from the stone, and restored it to its owner: he thanked me for this attention as kindly as if I had rendered him a great benefit, but whilst he carressed me, I meditated, (not yet sufficiently revenged) upon a new scheme, which would do him real injury, and I found it very easy to accomplish.

Cabellioni had a very rare collection of fine porcelain, on which he set his heart. I thought of nothing less, that the depriving him of his dearest treasure,

sure, by destroying it; and in this I succeeded without incurring the smallest suspicion; I left not one single piece whole, and the next day, I had the pleasure to see him bewail his misfortune to my father, with tears in his eyes.—

This thirst for revenge, which could be roused to the highest degree, by the most trifling advantage, which any one gained over me, or by the smallest offence against my pride, encreased so much, that even in my sixteenth year, I plunged, in cool blood, a dagger into the heart of one of my companions, because I was reprimanded on his account, by one of my masters. I threw the body into the Tiber, and no one ever knew of this action.—

You will easily imagine, what an effect it must have had upon me, that all
my

my undertakings succeeded, and I frequently was able to procure the greatest advantage by them.

“But,” said the Prince, interrupting him, “the most consummate hypocrite has moments, (be it ever so seldom) when his real countenance may be discovered, through the mask. Was this never your case?”

It happened but very seldom to me, and then, I always managed to extricate myself so well that the most refined wickedness was willingly believed to be the intemperance of youth.—

In such cases, I never spared my tears, I accused myself, magnified the crime, severely reproached myself with it, and often when my preceptors had forgotten it, pretended to recall it to my mind with the deepest sighs. They

They embraced me with rapture and begged me not to think any more about it. Had I reason to fear that one of my tricks must unavoidably be discovered, I was immediately the first to make it known to them, on which account they naturally placed unlimited confidence in my candour.

By these means, I easily discovered the weak side of every one, with whom I was at all acquainted, and as soon as it was necessary, I knew how to make this discovery serve my purposes, and this aided me in the commission of many crimes; for their eyes were always blinded with regard to me, and those who surrounded me did not narrowly watch me. My father spent the few hours of leisure, which his public business afforded him, in his laboratory, and was too much occupied by his studies, to observe me, otherwise than superficially;

ally; because that fairneſs of character in me, which is inherent in a child, was merely external appearance. He ſeldom ſpoke to me, except at table, and there I always contrived to diſplay ſuch a brilliant ſide of my character, to ſet off all my talents to ſuch advantage, that he always treated me with encomiums. As for my mother, I only had to ſay a few ſoothing things to her, and ſhe readily forgot all that ſhe had obſerved wrong in me; and my preceptors were ſatisfied when they received their monthly ſtipend, and praiſed my talents, when to ſooth my ambition, I had learnt more, than had been assigned me.

By all theſe great faults of my youth, by the greateſt ambition, and inſufferable pride, which made me ſometimes look down with contempt upon the greateſt men;—by the deteſtable envy, and the unconquerable deſire for revenge

venge on all, whom I thought my enemies, I possessed an unbounded and never satisfied wish to govern. All my play-fellows were obliged to submit to my authority. Where I dared not to command, I employed other means to attain my end, and which very seldom failed.

I was the master of the house, and sometimes commanded, when my conduct bespoke obedience. I knew well what would lead in every instance to the gratification of my wishes, I could act with the greatest humility in every situation, and there was not a moment when I could not shift my disguise at pleasure.

Of good qualities which I possessed, according to the ideas of moralists, I can reckon but very few; because, I knew how

how to use them for my own benefit. However, I will resume my relation, having explained my ideas of right and wrong ! otherwise you often would not understand me, if I should absent myself too far from the common mode of speaking, and use language agreeable to my principles.

With talents, to comprehend any thing very quickly, and to form of it a proper idea, I was also possessed of very fine sensibility, which was affected by the most trifling circumstance.

If I once began any undertaking I persevered in it with the greatest obstinacy, without being deterred by the most formidable obstacles ; (for to give it up I was ashamed) though the consequences might not be at all pleasant to me. My pleasing, flattering behaviour enchanted all, although it was nothing

more than policy, which the pious simpleton degrades with the name of hypocrisy.

Govern every where, soon became my watch-word ; to shine and to be admired, my favourite thought. To satisfy it, those means only seemed to me fit, which would have deterred other people, and the most expeditious way to arrive at my aim, was the most welcome to me. A path over putrified skeletons, seemed not at all frightful to me, if it was but the nearest. The little advantage I could gain by the misfortune of other people, was, however, a great acquisition to me. My heated imagination pointed out to me the pinnacle upon which I should hereafter be elevated, and painted my prosperity to me in my night dreams in glowing colours.

I looked with ecstasy upon my rising consequence, and was delighted with
 4 it;

it; like the hero who rejoiced at seeing his brother's blood, which twined a laurel round his temples. I was often secretly vexed, that my birth did not give me a right to regencies or command, but I soon found out the method to procure them, and my chagrin was dissipated.

When a boy, my thoughts were often engaged on that subject, for my comrades frequently told me, that I did not pay any attention to the game. The man possessed of a knowledge of human nature, would have laughed or sighed, within himself, at such ideas, according to his humour; or would have looked upon me, perhaps, as a fool full of wild projects, and to whom Bedlam would be a benefit.

My reflections never escaped my lips.

My intention is to sketch to you, my qualities and dispositions.

I believe I have fulfilled more than that already. The earlier periods of my life contain more, than the whole life of many a man, whose thoughts and wishes rise not above the idea of existence; and who, enervated by continual feasting, is inactive, and expert only at common things.—I will not now sound my own praise. I was always a child, though not a common one. As I grew up time seemed to move with the pace of a snail; how could I therefore brook such delay?

Earlier than common I left the circle which was drawn for my age, I shook off my childish behaviour, like a caterpillar, which, warmed by the beams of the sun, emerges before its time from the surrounding film. Urged by the most violent desire
for

for knowledge, I undertook to accomplish objects, which surmounted the experience of my years. I was never satisfied. The first step that I took in this new field, displayed the horizon before me, and the unexpected clearness which it represented to my mind, gave me courage to venture on and to study it closer. I was dissatisfied with myself, that my spirit had not wings, for I was often obliged to stay a long time to accomplish the object, which at first appeared to me like little hills at a distance. Upon that which I could attain without much difficulty, I ventured first.

Every day the fondness my father entertained for chemical experiments increased. His patients were obliged to sigh in pain, whilst he was busied in attending to the crucibles, and in a little time not one person employed him.

This was perfectly agreeable to his wishes, for he was less disturbed.—I was obliged very often to stifle a laugh, when I covered him with coal dust, and saw him come from his laboratory smothered with dirt; but I thought that, chemistry must have some particular charms, to attach my father so forcibly to it,—and this was sufficient to excite my curiosity, and induce me to enquire into the nature of the science.

Nothing was easier, than to request the doctor, to give me permission, to spend the following day in his laboratory, and he triumphed indeed at my proposal. My mother, who was an inveterate enemy to such business, because it made a great deal of dirt, and spoiled the skin, endeavoured to prevent my application to it, but in vain; none of her objections had any weight with my father, although he had shewn

shewn her much respect in other cases. To the remark : that it was too early for me to begin, she added—that it did not at all suit me, with a sarcastic smile ; whilst my father maintained, that such an excellent attachment to the art could not commence too early, nor fail to produce the most beneficial effects—I became by that more inflamed, * * “too early and would not suit me” (which last I ascribed to my youth,) the other objections I kissed from my mother’s lips and my first resolution remained ; — — —I went, at day break, with my father into the laboratory.

The many instruments which I found there, ovens, melting pots, coals of every sort and description, excited in the first instance, my attention. My father had not time to answer the multitude of questions that I put to him, and he desired a little patience. That I

M 4

I thought

thought was to set a boundary to my active mind, which it could not submit to, and when my father absented himself I immediately went to work. He corrected my indiscretion, and put that into my hands which was fitted for a beginner, but this method was too tedious for me. My ambition alone prevented my not giving it up, for I was certain of being exposed to the laughter of my mother, who had announced the difficulties to me before hand, and I studied not to lose any thing in the esteem of my father, who was so proud of my shewing such an early attachment to the science. The hope to attract new admirers, bid defiance to my dissatisfaction, and I went through every part of the business which my father set me upon, with the greatest fortitude.—This restraint did not last long, for I very soon discovered a real taste for chemical processes, and became as fond of the science as my father—I

hope

hope I do not deserve any reproach from you, because I am here a little too explicit!—If I had given to you only a mere sketch of it, it might have appeared to you improbable; for I was then no more than eleven years of age.

In a short time I made such progress that my father was astonished. I manufactured phosphorus of the best quality, made sympathetic ink of every kind, and invented particular things, which no person but myself is acquainted with.—I had now to shine in a new department amongst my school-fellows, and other inexperienced persons. I practised the miraculous, and they thought me a phenomenon. They were astonished prodigiously, when they saw at night around my whole body a brilliant flame, or when I filled the whole room with light by the vapour of camphire, or when I struck fire with a dagger

dagger against the wall of the room, or played some other tricks of that kind. All seemed from this circumstance to keep at a distance from me; for they feared me without loving me, though that is not common in those years, when our hearts beat warmly in our bosom, and are open to every tender tie. It flattered my ambition, that I had not a rival. By the extraordinary appearance which I sought to give to every one of those insignificant tricks, I obtained excellence, and I was satisfied with it, as I had no friend, no confidant, that would have been an acquisition agreeable to my natural character. I pursued my way alone, and very early found the avenues to every human heart shut against me. I seemed very often to act the friend, but in fact was never sincere.—Our servants also were very much afraid of me: my tricks frightened them, and my boastings were believed. My father
laughed

laughed at their childish fear, and suffered them to remain in ignorance—because it amused him,

To be thus always surrounded by persons, who thought me far superior to themselves and who acknowledged it, you may easily conceive had a great influence on my character in the subsequent period of my life. In relating the trifles, which formerly delighted me, I will not lose the time, which I must bestow upon greater actions. My impetuous disposition did not permit me to meditate long upon any thing. Every book in my father's library, which suited my purpose, I read with the greatest avidity, and I soon made, with the assistance of them, and my own inventions, experiments, which were not common. That this is true, you may easily conjecture, when I say that I thought many of them worthy, to be made

made use of, and applied them, Prince, in your adventures, where I had to fear curiosity. Till I come to these, I shall say no more of them.—A certain book, which I found in my father's library, was of great service to me. It was written by Albertus Magnus.* in the Latin language. From it I learned several things and their use which conducted me always farther and I was likewise possessed of a great number of other instruments as :—magical lanterns, magnets, electrical machines, &c. as my father had already a large collection of them, with the electrical machine, which was at that time almost unknown, and which they knew not how to manage, I made many attempts, and several of my discoveries effectually answered my purpose.

* The title of that book is : *Albertus Magnus de Secretis Mulierum, item de virtutibus herbarum, lapidum et animalium. Amst. 1665.*

Let me now overleap the space of time till my sixteenth year. The greatest part of it was taken up with such business, (by which however I did not neglect any other) which could be serviceable to the cultivation of my science. The little circle, in which I had lived till then, and in which I had shone, and tyrannised, became now too narrow for me. The applause and admiration of those, who daily surrounded me, was tedious to me, because I no longer found pleasure in it.

There always burned in me a desire for great achievements, which never could be satisfied. I easily perceived that my father would not willingly suffer me to go from him, and I resolved without much difficulty, to make myself a path into the great world, without his consent.—Do not wonder at that ; for every thing was disregarded so soon as it hindered

ed the gratification of my passions. The following night I packed up those things which would be necessary and useful to me on my journey, and at the break of day I found myself in the right road, and full of exultation from the prospect of success in my plan. I left for my foster parents a letter, which I laid in a place, where I knew they would not find it before evening, and at that time I believed I should be safe from being discovered.

“ *My dear parents,*

“ My spirit soars beyond the sphere in which I am confined, under your auspices, and seeks after things that I can never attain in your society. These I am going in pursuit of; and let this serve as an excuse for my leaving you so suddenly and without bidding farewell, as I did not think that you would give me your consent.

“ A bet-

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“ A better method to accomplish my purpose, and which might have been more agreeable to you I could not find,

“ Your

“ FERDINANDO.”

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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